The TREASURE CHEST

. FOR BOYS and GIRLS .

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

NOW that we are an old man, almost forty years old, people say to us every now and then: "What would you do differently if you had your life to live over again?" That is a very tiresome question. We would probably do just as we did the first time. People, old and grown-up people, are always asking tiresome questions, like: What would you do, or, will you ever grow up, or, are you sure you have a fresh handkerchief, or, did you feed the canary?

WE WOULD probably do just as we had done the first time—with one exception. When we were quite small we knew what we wanted to do when we grew up. We wanted to write books. We wrote our first book when we were eight years old. It was quite a book, and we couldn't understand why we could not have it published. We wanted to write books, but we didn't make up our mind that we were going to write them. We just thought we would like to write them, and really make a business of doing what people told us to do.

THERE was no reason why we should not have written books all our life. We can always do best what we like to do best. Sometimes the things we like are not worth while and then we make a mess of them. But it is easy to know the worth-while things. Writing books is worth while. Running engines is worth while. Painting pictures is worth while. Selling shoes is worth while. A thousand things are worth while if we do them well, and like to do them.

WHEN we were quite young, people were not very much interested in what boys and girls wanted to do. They just told them what to do. They said: You can go to school every day until three o'clock and then you can play football or baseball till five o'clock and then you can come home and wash for dinner (and don't forget to wash behind your ears), and after dinner you can practice on the piano until eight o'clock and then you can go to bed (but don't read in bed because it is bad for your eyes). And then, when you grow up you can be a business man and make a lot of money.

WELL, if we were doing it all over, we would make up our mind that we were going to write books. When you make up your mind hard enough to do a worth-while thing, grown-ups will let you do it. But, most important of all, we would decide what we wanted. We certainly would not go through grammar school studying, and high school studying, and college studying, just to get a diploma, without any idea of what particular kind of a business man we were going to be when we got out of school.

THERE probably is not a boy or girl born who does not like some particular thing. Some like writing books. Some like painting pictures. Some like raising children. Some like growing flowers and some like selling shoes. And all those things lead to success when we want them enough. But we have got to know what we want. Just think of taking a boy who wants to be a shoemaker and telling him that he is going to be an author when he grows up. He'll probably be a bad shoemaker and a worse author. It comes down to just one thing. Everybody is particularly good along certain lines, and those are the lines they ought to follow.

OF COURSE, this goes for girls as well as boys. There was a time when every girl was supposed to learn to play the piano, and learn to speak French and German, and to cook ginger-snaps and boil eggs, and make beds, and then grow up and get married and just be a housekeeper. But nowadays it's different. Girls can be artists and writers and doctors and lawyers and architects and train-engineers, if they wish. But they have got to wish it hard enough, and when they have made up their minds what they want to be, they have got to keep their plans in front of them all the time.

THERE is not an excuse in the world for a boy—or a girl—starting High School nowadays without a definite plan. We would decide that we wanted to be a train-engineer or an author, and then we would study mathematics, and Chaucer, and Latin and psychology, with the thought that all those things would help us to become the thing that we wanted to be. And that, to answer the tiresome question, is what we would do if we could do it over again. We would make up our mind positively that we enjoyed writing books more than anything else in the world, and then nothing in the world could stop us from writing them.

Billy—Gee-whillikins . . . what ja think, kids!

Bob—Yeh . . . what do we think?

Billy—I'm gonna go to college . . . the same one my dad went to.

Dick—Huh . . . mebbe you are, and mebbe not. My Dad says don't count your chickens 'til they're hatched.

Billy—No-Siree, I don't mean maybe. Yesterday was my birthday and my Dad gave me an educational policy, and it's all written out that when I'm eighteen, no matter what happens, I'm gonna have enough money to pay all my expenses to go to school with. Gee, I guess I got some Dad, ain't I?

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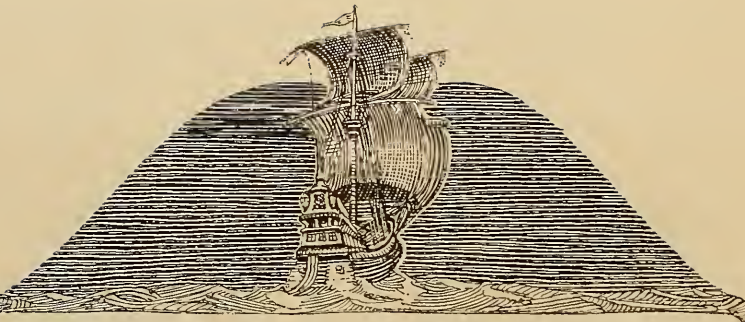

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S. B. DICKSON, Publisher and Editor
FRIEDA KUHL, Associate Editor
DELLA TAYLOR, Art Editor
KENNETH CALLAHAN, CECILIA NELSON — Associate Artists
WALTER P. MURPHY, Advertising Manager
1402 De Young Building San Francisco, California

Phone: Garfield 4075

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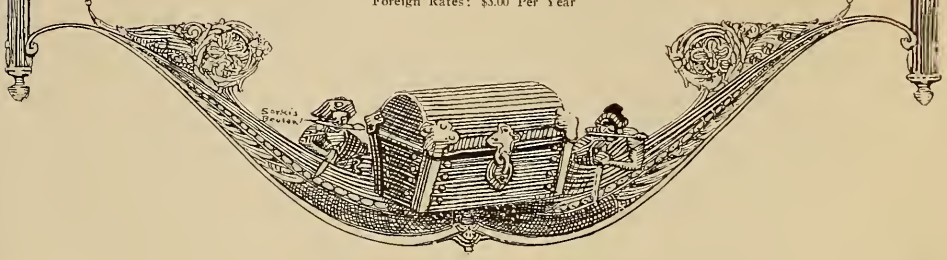

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Antonio Stradivarius

By FRIEDA KUHL

IT WAS a great day when Antonio first heard of Nicolo Amati. He was sitting on the church steps, little, ragged, dirty, with his long, small face and the great, far-seeing eyes of an artist. A street singer had come up the street, and with him had been a blind man, playing a violin beautifully. Antonio had never heard anything so wonderful, and the sweet, long-drawn tones brought a strange awakening to his young heart. Giovanni was sitting near him, and he laughed at the tears that coursed down the little boy's face as the musicians disappeared around the corner.

"I suppose you would like to play like that, Antonio?"

HIS only answer was a long look from the dark eyes.

"I have heard better violinists than him," said Giovanni. He is only very good because he has an Amati."

"I don't understand."

The older one laughed a high, derisive laugh, and went whistling down the cobbled street.

Antonio had nothing to do. He listened for awhile until the whistling had died away in the rumbling of a heavy cart. He wished he could whistle like that. But he could do nothing. Even his father had said he would never amount to anything. And his mother had consoled him by telling him that perhaps he could be a carpenter, since he was always cutting bits of wood!

MONTHS passed before Antonio learned about Amati's violins, and he began haunting the streets about the violin maker's house, avoiding those who knew him, knowing they would laugh. Most of all he avoided Giovanni, who had put on more airs since he had discovered he could sing. But, then, Giovanni was fourteen, and Antonio was only nine.

On the eve of his tenth birthday, Antonio sat on the steps of the Church of the San Domenico, whittling. And it was there that Giovanni found him, a proud and radiant Giovanni, in a new doublet with a lace collar.

"WHY do you always sit here, Antonio, whittling? Have you never anything better to do?"

The dark eyes were turned upward, with the strange expression that people wondered at.

"I got a new knife," said Antonio.

"What of it? Can't you do something better than digging a blade in a piece of wood?"

"No; I can do nothing else."

"How old are you now?"

"Ten."

There was a silence.

Giovanni smiled, and threw back his shoulders.

"When I was ten I was singing in church."

"I shall never be able to sing."

"You shall never be able to do anything." And Giovanni walked away.

"GIOVANNI!"

The other turned around.

"Well?"

"May I ask you something?" The dark eyes were intent, anxious, pleading. Even Giovanni stood, silent, before their gaze.

"Well?" he repeated at last.

"Don't—please don't laugh. Does—have you ever met Nicolo Amati?" said Antonio.

"I've seen him."

There was a long silence. Then Giovanni said, suddenly—"What are you thinking of? Would Messer Antonio Stradivari become a violin maker?" And he laughed!

But something in the other's pale face stopped him, and he stood still, the laugh a stupid grin on his moon-face. He stared long at the small boy, then at last he turned with a shrug and walked away. Antonio heard his whistle long after he had disappeared.

And he went on whistling, fashioning the head of a cane for his brother, Carlo. But there was a strange tumult in his heart, and at times the knife and the wood became a blur before his eyes, and he had to look away.

IT WAS very late when he went home that evening, and it was many, many hours before he slept.

His father scolded him, in the morning, for being away so long. Antonio took from his pocket the head of the cane that he had made for Carlo, and he gave it to his father. The latter went quietly into the kitchen and remarked to his wife that their youngest was a strange child.

Another year passed, and Antonio grew, tall and straight. It was a year of dreams, a year of quickened heartbeats, and furtive twilight walks up the street of Nicolo Amati. He saw him once. His father pointed him out to him, on market day, and Antonio, looking at the unusual face and the thin, nervous hands, felt that he would have known had he met him anywhere.

"THERE," said his father, "is a man who has done more for our city than any of us have ever done, or ever will do. You, Antonio, will never be anything; you will never do anything because you have no ambition—except—except to whittle—" He stopped short and a curious expression came into his face as he looked long at the back of Nicolo Amati. He said nothing more that day, and Antonio was glad.

If his father and mother wondered at him, other people wondered, too, why he was so quiet, why he went off by himself, with his knife, and never

spoke unless he had to. It was not natural, at eleven. But still they called him a good-for-nothing, and predicted for him a useless life.

They were rather wonderful days for Antonio. He liked to be left alone. Now and again he saw the great Amati and barely resisted an impulse to run up and speak to him. But something stopped him. He had heard that Giovanni had tried to be apprenticed to Amati, and had been refused. And he told Antonio that he had no use for whittling anyway, for he was going to be a great singer.

One day Antonio walked out of the city, up to the hills, along the Po, and when he was all alone he tried to sing. But his voice was squeaky, and it jarred him. And it hurt him deeply to know that he could never make music. He sat with bowed head and tightly folded hands in church on Sundays, and sometimes he thought his heart would break as he listened to the choir, and knew that he could never be in it because he could not make music. And he followed the blind fiddler that went through the streets of Cremona, and who played the violin Amati had made.

One evening Antonio had followed him to the outskirts of the city, quietly, enraptured. Suddenly the music stopped, and the blind man said—

"Who is it that has been walking beside me for so long?"

There was a long silence. Then the small voice of the boy—

"My name is Antonio."

"What is your full name?"

"Antonio Stradivari."

There was another pause, and the old man stopped.

"Why have you followed me?" he asked, "for so long?"

Another silence.

"Do you like my music?" said the musician, softly.

"Oh—yes!"

"Would you like to play a violin?"

There was no hesitation this time.

"I have always dreamed of making music," answered Antonio softly.

"Why don't you, then? Don't you sing?"

"No, messere. I cannot sing—and I cannot play. I tried many times to learn to play my brother's guitar, and he was very patient, but I could not."

There was another pause. Then Antonio's voice, lower, and a little shaky, continued—

"I have always wanted to make music, messere, and I cannot. There is nothing I can do. People say I am — a — a good-for-nothing —" There was a decided sob in the small voice this time.

"But—don't you do anything at all, all day?"

"I whittle."

Then it was that Antonio told the wandering fiddler of his whittling, and of the many things he had carved out of wood with his knife.

PARISIAN NIGHTS
By Josephine Wein
(Age 13)

Parisian nights!
  Romance and love!
Enchanting sights!
  Blue skies above!

A perfumed breeze
  With odor sweet,
Sweeps thru the trees
  To lux'ries seat.

Ah, scents of wine!
  Light tunes are sung!
Women divine!
  None old! All young!

Confusion reigns
  These sultry nights;
The moonlit lanes
  Are lovers' sights.

Parisian nights!
  Indeed unique!
Enchanting sights!
  That lovers seek!

When he had finished, the old man said, quietly:

"Have you ever seen Nicolo Amati?"

The color rose high to Antonio's face.

"I have seen him."

"You go to him tomorrow and show him your work. You said you want to make music, and cannot."

"No—" breathed the boy.

"You can make music, Antonio Stradivari—. This music which we make is beautiful for an instant, and then is gone. The music you will make, boy, is the kind that will go down through the centuries."

* * * * * *

But Antonio did not go to Nicolo Amati on the morrow. He did not go for a long time, because the master was sick. When he at last went to his house, a month later, a servant turned him away.

The weeks that followed were the most unhappy in Antonio's life. Twice again he went to Amati's house—to be turned away.

"The master will not take any more apprentices anyway, for a long time. I told you to go once, and not to come back."

He went home, his head bent low. His mother, thinking he was ill, made him stay home all that week. But he never spoke.

That week Antonio was twelve. And once again, on the evening of his birthday, he went and sat on the steps of San Domenico. But there was no proud Giovanni to speak to him, and laugh at him, for Giovanni had gone to Milan to study singing. And reports had come that he had given a concert and made a tremendous success. Antonio was glad, but, somehow he could never forget the words of the old fiddler—"the music we make is beautiful for an instant—yours will go down through the centuries."

The words had sung themselves over and over again in his mind, and, mostly, in his heart. And at first he had almost come to believe them, but now he began to think that, after all, he would be a failure. If only he could speak to Nicolo Amati!

It was late again when he went home—on the night of his twelfth

(Continued on Page 196)

CIRCUS POETRY

By Constance Underhill

CIRCUS

Sawdust grass and canvas sky,
Birds that walk and beasts that fly,
Clowns with faces chalky-white,
Clowns with mouths so scarlet-bright.

Animals in iron cage,
Beasts a-roaring in a rage,
Lions here and tigers there,
People, people everywhere!

Sweet brown discs of cracker-jack,
Popcorn puffing from a sack,
Peanuts—eat them! If you can't,
Give them to the elephant.

Glitter-spangled ladies there,
Acrobats that fly the air,
Birds that walk and beasts that fly,
Sawdust grass and canvas sky.

GIRAFFE

I never laugh
At the Giraffe,
  Although his neck is long and slender.
I wouldn't want
To jeer or taunt—
  His feelings might be tender.

It isn't fair
To stand and stare
  At the Giraffe. He's just a creature
Who's made as he
Is meant to be
  In Shape and Style and Feature.

KING LION

Why is the Lion King?
  Because he looks so proud,
  And because his roar is loud,
  And because his mane of brown
Is his crown.

Why is the Lion King?
  Because with teeth and claws,
  He enforces jungle-laws,
  He is King of Beasts, because
He *is* King.

TIGER—JUNGLE

Tell me, where is Jungle,
  Where Jungle-Tigers stay?
I want to go to Jungle,
  And there I want to play.

I want to play with Tigers,
  Tell me, is it far
To where the Jungle-Tigers
  And their Tiger-Kitties are?

Show me where is Jungle;
  I'll climb into your lap,
And you may point out Jungle
  In colors, on a map.

If it's that Pink-and-Green Land,
  Then I'll hunt everywhere,
And find a Pink-and-Green Land,
  And play with Tigers there.

I'll go and visit Jungle,
  And when my visit's through,
I'll tell you tales of Jungle—
  You'd like *that,* wouldn't you?

The T in Troy

By S. B. DICKSON

TROY UNIVERSITY lies at the top of a green, oak-clad hill just behind the town of Middlefield. Middlefield is very proud of its university; proud of the faculty; of the splendid students that it turns out; of its beautiful, ivy-covered buildings and its green campus; proud of the chimes that ring in its campanille, and proud above all else of the campanille. It rises from the crest of the hill, an imposing shaft of grey granite, patterned closely after the campanille of Florence. It can be seen, it is said, for a distance of twenty-five miles in every direction, and on a clear day its chimes can be heard in Oak-knoll, six miles across the river. It stands, cold and grey, piercing the sky, and below it nestles the university buildings and the trees. Above, almost at its peak, is the "T."

The "T" was painted, in the beginning, in bright red letters, but as years passed and the rains and the sun washed away the paint it faded to a dull pink. Then the Board of Regents decided to have it cut into the granite. Scaffoldings were raised, workmen toiled for a week, and a new "T" appeared, cut deep in the grey stone and filled with bright red concrete. Then the students danced before it, and sang college songs about it, and cheered it, and proclaimed to the world that they had put the "T" in "Troy" and were there to guard it with their very lives.

It seemed at first that there was no need of guarding it; nobody but the Trojans appeared to be particularly interested in it. But a year arrived when Troy was to play Centerstate College for the Interstate Football Championship on its home field, and on the day of the Big Game, when the Trojans awoke and started for the Campus, they found that their treasured "T" had changed to a brilliant green over night. Picture the fury of the student body! "Lefty" Heinz, who played center, said that if he could find the culprit he would feed him with green ink till his veins were filled with the colors of the Nile.

The student body called an emergency meeting.

Georgie Montford said: "It's just repulsive."

"Snooty" Cochrane said: "Somebody's got to die for this."

Captain Harry Munn said: "Cut out the talk and find out who did it."

That was a good idea and everybody started to find out. But all they could find was the watchfob of a Centerstate student on the campanille steps. Centerstate had about two thousand students and the watchfob could have belonged to any one of them. Of course Centerstate had been responsible for the crime, but there the matter ended. Ended, that is, for the time being. For that afternoon Centerstate arrived with its team and four hundred rooters and a hundred gaily-dressed co-eds, and they cheered the green of the "T" and marched into the bleachers. The game ended two hours and seven minutes later with the score: Centerstate 72, Troy 11.

Of course everybody blamed it on the painting of the "T." That was enough, they said, to shatter the morale of any football team.

"And believe me," said Captain Harry Munn, "it will not happen again. Something slipped somewhere, but from now on I'll guard the 'T' myself on the night before the game, and if anybody gets by me they'll be pretty slick."

Whereupon the "T" was once more

painted a flaming red, and the months passed through baseball and vacation and the Fall of another football year arrived at Troy.

Captain Harry Munn lived up to his promise. He appointed a committee who appointed a guard to stand in front of the campanille every day for a month before the Big Game. And the night of the Big Game Harry had his bed made in the entrance hall of the Campanille. He had a reading lamp rigged up next to his bed and a rope in his hand that reached across the campus to a bell that was hung in the men's dormitory. If anyone invaded the peace of the campanille Harry intended to pull the rope, arouse the student body and capture the invader or invaders.

The next morning Harry was found tied to his bed by the rope that he had held in his hand, and the "T" was green as the fields of Erin.

It was terrible! Trojans walked around the campus, scowling, furious, and with their morale shattered. They got out buckets of paint and repainted the "T" with scarlet. But the wet red paint mixed with the wet green paint that had been applied that night, and the result was a dirty, muddy hodgepodge of brown mixed with streaks of green and red.

And the score of the game that day was: Centerstate 38, Troy 22.

Then the faculty took a hand!

They set aside a sum of money to build an iron fence around the campanille. It was a very artistic fence, fifteen feet high, and surmounted by sharp spikes. One entered through a heavy iron gate that could be padlocked with ball and chain; it was painted black and made a pleasing, lacey contrast to the grey of the granite.

Then a new committee was appointed to arrange a guard!

Volunteers were called for. Twenty different men were to form a hollow square around the campanille every day for a week prior to the next Big Game. The guard was to be changed at 8 o'clock every morning and 8 o'clock every night. Invaders would have to fight through the guard of twenty men, break down the iron gate and rush the campanille while the guard had time to raise an alarm to arouse all of Troy University. "And that," said Captain Harry Munn, "is that! If any Centerstate men figure on painting the 'T' green or any other sickly color this year they will have to land on the top of the campanille by aeroplane."

As the steeple of the campanille was as sharp as a sharp pencil it didn't seem likely that an aeroplane could land.

But "Lefty" Heinz, who was always a pessimist, shook his head and said: "Watch out." He knew, did Lefty. "Watch out," he said. "Something will happen. I don't know what, but luck has been against us, and just as sure as I am that the 'T' is painted red now, just so sure am I that it will be green on the day of the Big Game. Watch out! Something will happen. Something. . ."

The crowd hooted him and laughed and prepared for the biggest Big Game of all times. The team had never been stronger. "Short" Roberts had perfected the forward pass; he had a longer, straighter pass than any man in the Interstate Conference. John Grimes could boot the ball so that it would twist like an engine-wheel and almost knock a catcher off his feet. The team had speed, harmony; they moved like a perfect machine. And the "T" was painted a beautiful glowing red.

And then, with a smug grin, the Trojans settled down to await the Big Game.

* * *

Meanwhile the Centerstate faction was not sitting still. A weighty conference was called, at which Hartley Huggins made a long and tiresome speech. Five hundred Centerstate students cheered him at first when he said that Center must win and win and win. But after he had talked for about an hour they fell asleep, one by one. As a rally it started with a bang, and then sort of petered out.

"Not so hot," said Smithers, the captain of the Center Varsity. "Hartley may be a good yell-leader, but when it comes to making a speech I'd rather listen to the new psychology prof."

Which was the last word, for the new psychology prof had a reputation for talking for twenty-four hours about pragmatism and things like that without a member of his audience knowing what it was all about.

So Hartley talked on and on, and suddenly Smithers sat up and began to take notice. Hartley was talking about psychology.

"Fellows," he was saying, "if iron walls and locks and keys and guards of men can beat us we are beaten. We do not stand one chance in a thousand of painting the 'T' in Troy this year by the direct attack. That leaves only one thing, as far as I can see. We will have to use psychology."

By this time about twenty in the audience were listening.

"Psychology," continued Hartley, "shows us what the other fellow is really thinking. And hear me, oh, Centers, sometimes psychology can be used to make the other fellow think the way we want him to."

"What are you getting at?" shouted Captain Smithers, and then everybody in the audience sat up and listened.

"Just this," Hartley answered. "We've got to kid Troy till we get Troy off its guard. We've got to psychologize them. . ."

"Which?" the Centerites shouted.

"Psychologize them. Oh, maybe there isn't any such a word, but you get my meaning. We've got to razz them ragged. We've got to worry them with some little thing—just like a cat worries a mouse. We've got to worry them till they forget all about their beautiful 'T' and wonder what else we have up our sleeve. But, hear me, oh, Centers. When we get them off their guard we have got to paint that red 'T' the greeniest green that ever came out of Paris."

Whereupon the student body yelled, and pounded one another, and if noise could win a future game then Troy was beaten before it started.

"When do you begin psychologizing?" roared a freshman.

Hartley looked stumped for a moment. Then his eyes lit; an idea dawned.

"Oh, Centers," he said, "we have with us today in our audience one who knows more about the art of psychologizing than any other. I refer to our new psychology prof. . ."

Smithers turned a Trojan red. He had not known that Professor Einstag was in the room when he had made his wise-crack about yell-leaders.

"I refer," continued Hartley, "to Professor Einstag of the chair of Psychology and Science. Professor Einstag, may we have a word or two from you?"

Professor Einstag arose. He was a little man with watery grey eyes and a rather stupid face. He looked like a tired bookkeeper.

"Mr. Yell-leader," he said, "and members of the student body. I am not very good at making speeches about anything excepting—what you call psychologizing. Psychologizing is a good word, by the way. I think it should be in the dictionary. I-I-I can't say that I have any ideas about handling the Trojan hordes. I-I-I think that we should try to win the Big Game by playing straight, hard football. I-I-I do not think we should worry so much about green and red paint. But I—but I-I am willing to

do what I can. I-I-I should be glad—I should be very glad to have Mr. Hartley Huggins appoint a committee to confer with me in my quarters after this meeting and if I can suggest anything I-I-I. . ."

"Three rousing cheers for Professor Einstag," somebody yelled.

The cheers were given. Einstag sat down, mumbling "I-I-I—" and Hartley Huggins appointed a committee.

It met with the professor an hour later behind locked doors. It talked behind locked doors for two hours. And then it filed out across the campus and there was a broad grin on the face of each member of the committee.

* * *

It was a month before the Big Game. Troy was already taking on the appearance of football madness. A new shining coat of wonderful red was painted on the Trojan "T." Rallies were held. The "T" yell was written and heard all over the campus. There was a "T" song all about the red of the Trojan "T."

And then one day just a month before the game, while the rooting section was being drilled in the auditorium, a strange braying was heard in the street. It grew louder and louder. One could hardly hear the words of the yell-leader. He went to the window and looked out. His face turned pale. He motioned to the men closest to him and they crowded to the window.

There, in the middle of the road, stood a group of Center students. They held a huge rope. On the end of the rope was a small wooden donkey about two feet tall. It was painted a vivid green. From its mouth hung a bucket full of green paint.

The Trojans rushed for the door. Out into the road they poured and after the fleeing Centerites. After the Centerites bounced the donkey, spilling green paint as it went. It looked for a time as though it would get away. But Trojans rushed from every direction and finally the Centerites had to leave their burden and escape in a waiting Ford.

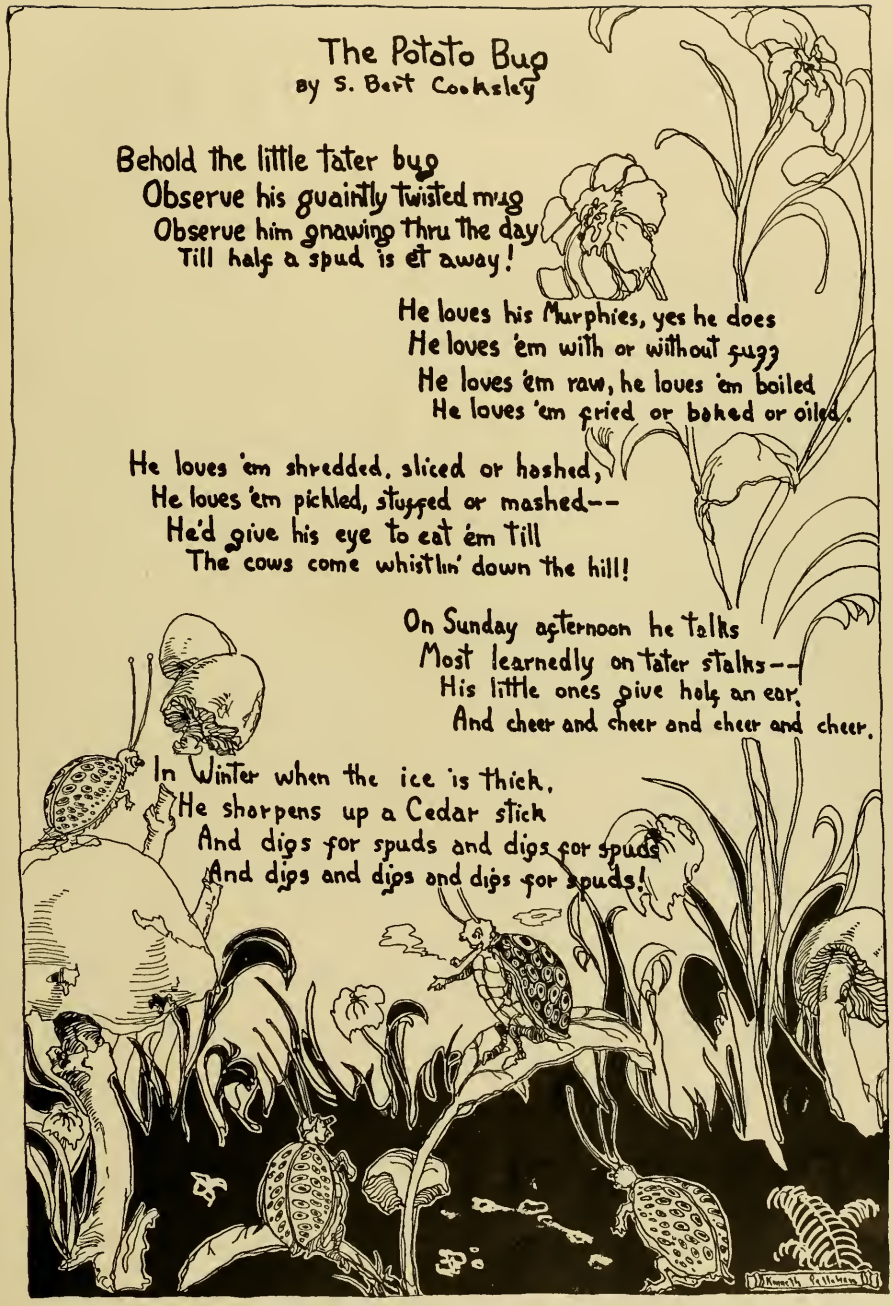
The Trojans took the donkey. They marched around the campus, dragging it by the huge rope. They sang and cheered and finally lifted it on their shoulders and carried it to the campanille. The iron doors swung wide and in marched the host. Up the winding stairs they carried the toy beast and placed it at a top window where it could be seen from all parts of the campus.

Quiet was restored.

Quiet—but something—something was in the wind.

There was a movie given a week later in the Troy Theatre. After the

(Continued on Page 186)


The Potato Bug
By S. Bert Cooksley
Behold the little tater bug
Observe his quaintly twisted mug
Observe him gnawing thru the day
Till half a spud is et away!
He loves his Murphies, yes he does
He loves 'em with or without fuzz
He loves 'em raw, he loves 'em boiled
He loves 'em fried or baked or oiled.
He loves 'em shredded, sliced or hashed,
He loves 'em pickled, stuffed or mashed--
He'd give his eye to eat 'em till
The cows come whistlin' down the hill!
On Sunday afternoon he talks
Most learnedly on tater stalks--
His little ones give half an ear,
And cheer and cheer and cheer and cheer.
In Winter when the ice is thick,
He sharpens up a Cedar stick
And digs for spuds and digs for spuds
And digs and digs and digs for spuds!

THE SWISS NAVY

By EDMUND W. WHITNEY

One day while fishing off Rocky Point on Clear Lake I pulled out a large black bass. Cutting it open to clean I found a small, tightly rolled bundle of old, worn papers. They were yellow with age and almost undecipherable. I spread them carefully to dry, and when they were fit to handle I perused them. They contained some hitherto uncovered and important facts purporting to be a history of the Swiss Navy. I was amazed. I showed them to my friends. They insisted that I give them to the world, and I have, therefore, edited them as best I could, so that all may know the truth about this once powerful navy. The manuscript starts with the statement of the writer—but let him speak for himself:

—

I, Jeremiah Schweitzerkase, realizing that I have not long to live and should not be allowed to live that long, am determined to record, for the good of mankind, the history of the most vital obstacle in the way of international war—the Swiss Navy.

To begin with it is important that you should know that Switzerland has one of the largest navies in the world. This navy is commanded by one of the world's foremost street cleaners. The ships are of the Sir Walter Raleigh period and have just been equipped with the latest types of kitchen utensils and tin cups.

These ships include destroyers, warships, submarines (for underwater service only), hospital ships, sub-chasers, rowboats and water wings. They number in all 151, the extra 1 being accounted for by the fact that a ship belonging to an unknown country was found in mid-ocean by the never-failing peanut tube broadcasting set located on board the "Zephyr."

The following remarkable, and unquestionably untrue, statement of history arrived in our mail one morning when our pet lizard had died, and the canary bird was moulting. After reading the history of the Swiss Navy we felt much better. We know nothing about the historian, Edmund Whitney, further than that he is sixteen years old and a student of a Palo Alto school.

The discovery of this ship has proven very lucky because of the work it has done lately in rescuing drowned fish and jelly beans.

The navy cost the Swiss Government a sum that could not even be comprehended by a two-year-old kindergarten pupil. By the way, the price of potatoes in Denmark reached 40 cents a pound today. This has a great deal to do with the success of the navy as they, or rather "it," stops there for their supply of canned heat on their semi-annual publicity dash to the pole (the north one).

The Swiss Navy played a very important part in the Civil War held in the United States from 1861-65. They stationed their ships on the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to see that no one kidnaped Sheridan and Lee. After this most exciting adventure the navy went into drydock at Lake Geneva, Switzerland. The crews of the various boats, tired out beyond recognition, slept for fifty-two years. At the expiration of this period they were most suddenly and rudely awakened by the noise of Big Berthas, revolvers and poisonous gases coming, as near as they could tell, through the collection of assorted cobwebs and dew that had parked themselves about the ears of the sailors, from the region of southwest Germany, central Belgium, and Northern France. The sailors' curiosity being aroused, they jumped into the rowboats and pulled hard for Calais. They soon arrived and not long after were sitting in front row balcony seats enjoying the fight, only to remember that they had forgotten their toothpicks and the rest of the navy. With the help of the fast mail service between all points they soon had the navy and toothpicks at their sides, and were feeling quite contented and happy.

Not long after, however, the sailors' curiosity got the best of them and they inquired of an usher what the row was all about. Well, it seems that some high individual that belonged in Austria and who had no business being in Serajavo, the capital of Bosnia, was assassinated there (very probably it was accidental). But Austria got sore about it anyway and was going to get even with these Bosnian gentlemen, but Bosnia had a few outside friends. Now all these friends, it appears, got together and talked it over and decided to go into the ring with Austria and fight it out to a finish. But with all these fellows against Austria the odds seemed to be too great, so the Swiss Navy decided to help Austria, but she was very ungrateful and said that she didn't want any help nor did she need any, and told the Swiss buttinskys to clear out and stay out. Now the Swiss don't forget things easily, and they said: "When it comes time to send out the invitations for our annual marble sharks' ball we'll just give Austria the air."

So being thoroughly disgusted with the conduct of the various countries

they decided to make a record-breaking trip around the world by water. The ships were manned and not long after they were rolling merrily down the Atlantic singing "Rio" and "A Son of a Gambolier." The breeze was strong and the boats moved right along without any trouble at all.

When, on rounding Cape Horn, however, they were more than surprised to see the eighth wonder of the world approaching. (I, never having seen it, have no idea what it was.) However, the sailors were so scared that they put their heads under the blankets and shivered.

They soon recovered from their fright and peeped out from under the covers and saw, to their immense relief, that the wonder was skating over the water at a furious rate, and not long after it sank beyond the horizon.

Three days later the flagship sprang a leak and went to join Davy down below in the watery depths. After this heartrending experience the commander of the fleet fell ill and died a natural death peculiar to sailors, so he told his doctor the next morning.

After this the commander improved rapidly until he was once more sitting in the crow's nest looking for the murdered Oxford janitor.

From now on the trip became more monotonous every day until they surprised themselves by entering the Mediterranean Sea. The navy as a whole was entirely without responsibility for the eventual outcome of this record-breaking tour.

The fact was that all track of time had been lost when the commander proceeded to take the sun-dial up to the crow's-nest with him one day, but on getting half way up he espied, so he supposed, the Oxford janitor up in the crow's-nest smoking a beautiful meershaum pipe. Now, here is where the sad part of the affair comes in. The commander was so overcome with joy on seeing his long sought-after friend that he forgot that he wasn't at home and just broke down completely, including his backbone, and went over backwards on his head, feet first, into the ocean, followed closely by the sun-dial.

The crews were so ashamed of the way in which their commander ended his bright and hopeful career that instead of going to Lake Geneva they sailed up the Nile (past the pyramids) until they became entangled in the jungle, where all accounts stop because the wireless sets broke down, cutting off communication with the rest of the world.

And so I, Jeremiah Schweitzerkase, about to die, have recorded these amazing. . .

—

There the record ends, in the middle of a sentence. Whether or not Jeremiah died before he could add another word is a mystery. There are the records, as I found them in the body of the bass (which we ate that night with great relish).

There is little doubt in my mind but that this once powerful navy will again appear; that it will be a factor in the prevention of future wars. Switzerland will undoubtedly come to the front with its forces, and with power discourage any petty arguments that may arise between other countries. It is improbable that a country like Switzerland, with a navy of the size and strength that it had, should fade away forever, leaving no trace behind. Switzerland has a great opportunity to show what it can produce in the way of naval strength.

Many people think that so small a nation could never develop a huge and powerful sea force—one able to overcome the combined strength of two or more countries. But if a navy of such size and strength, one such as you have just heard described, could be developed and perfected once, why, I ask you, would it not be possible to repeat the feat In these modern days, if developed to its former strength, it would be a super-navy—a super-super-navy. A navy of this type would very probably be able to suppress any little uprising in Europe. And just think what it could do for the price of Swiss cheese.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Count up berries,
Count up frogs,
Count up cherries,
Count up logs;

Count up mountains,
Count up chops,
Count up fountains,
Count up cops;

Count up labels,
Count up pears,
Count up tables,
Count up chairs;

Count up holes an'
Count up pegs,
Count up poles an'
Count up eggs;

Count up nighties,
Count up plums—
An' you'll get mighty
Fancy sums!

—*S. B. C.*

SLANGUAGE

By BETH L. WENDEL

There lived a boy named Percy whose tutor did his best that this young pupil's diction might pass the acid test. The art of self-expression he learned in cultured tone, and knew the proper meaning of every word that's known. His only recreation was solitary play, for Mother feared that others might speak in a different way.

One day the Slangey family moved in the house next door, and Percy's charming diction was doomed forevermore.

A high stone fence divided the gardens of each place, and Percy's mother vouchsafed the neighbors a disgrace. She gave her son instructions to never scale the wall, lest education tumble and culture take a fall.

So lonely Percy followed his most exclusive life, but harkened to the neighbors, intent upon their strife. At first the sounds were indistinct, for concrete walls are dull, then poor astounded Percy heard sharp phrases pierce a lull. His mild heart fluttered wildly and his gentlemanly hands clutched teeth that shook with temblors, sharp enough to shed gold bands.

"Cut it out!" a voice cried loud, in such a brutal tone that Percy feared the threat might mean to carve some flesh and bone.

Then came a wrothy answer, expressed in great disdain. A small voice

cried in anger "Oh, you give me a pain!"

"He positively slashed him," thought Percy in despair. "Brutality midst brothers extreme as this is rare."

"I'll knock you for a row of goals," poor Percy quaked to hear.

"He'll toss him nigh a hundred yards," groaned Percy pale with fear.

"Dry up, I say!" next filled the air. "Dehydrate" Percy cried, "How cruel an order to impose. I couldn't if I tried."

"You should be shot!" a deep voice hissed, and Percy weakly said:

"Unless I interfere post-haste one youth will soon be dead."

So toward the house he hastened as a vicious voice rose high:

"You beat it in a hurry or I'll sock your other eye."

"Jameson," panted Percy to the butler proud and prim, "our next-door neighbor's children contemplate a murder grim. We must seek police assistance and avert an awful crime, or a useful male existence will be stopped before its prime.

Fast Jameson phoned headquarters, and a motor squad was rushed to the residential section which announced that blood had gushed. Dashing through the garden with expectant club and gun, the men of law and order found two boys immersed in fun. When questioned as to murder the playmates looked aghast, and Percy then repeated what he heard from first to last.

The officers all glowered when they saw there was no harm, and Percy was embarrassed by his very false alarm.

"Young feller," Sergeant Murphy said, "you'd better join a gang, and learn to translate English into good old U. S. slang."

When Percy told his father of the Irishman's advice, he strangely was delighted at the recommended vice. Then despite a sighing mother and an angry governess, Percy learned to speak American, and English less and less.

FATE

By ROSALIE MOORE

Now Humdrum's Ma took Humdrum
To the famous palmist, Psalm,
To be tolded of his fortune
And be readed of his palm.

For Humdrum's Ma was positive
He would be something great—
A czar, a star, perhaps ajar,
At least a roller skate.

So calm, balm Psalm took Humdrum's hand
And scanned it with his nose.
"You have a simple complex, so
I see, think, guess, suppose.

"This little line means that you will
Get stepped upon the toe,
That is, of course, unless you don't."
And Humdrum, he said "Oh."

"But can't you tell him something fine?"
Begged mother anxiously.
"I guess so, but if this is false
Don't come back blaming me.

"Well, by this little streak of dirt
I see you'll go out walking,
And find a diamond, spades, clubs, ring."
"Ah, now," said Ma, "you're talking!"

"But don't forget," cried palmy Psalm,
"If this does not come true,
It will be wholly, rolly, through
The goings-on of *you*."

When mother got poor Humdrum home
She stepped right on his toe.
"We'll get it over right away,
Since it must happen so."

She then prepared him for a walk.
"Now try to use your head,"
Said she, "why things are turning out
Just as that Palmist said!"

With hat both jammed and jellied on
He started, north by south,
Taking all the sights in with
His rather largish mouth.

He strolled right through the midst of town
And saw a lot of things,
But not a single lamp post had
A crop of diamond rings.

At last upon a lady's hand
He spied a diamond rare.
"That's it!" he cried, and tried to pull
It off right then and there.

"A thief! Oh, beef!" the lady squeaked,
"How dare you? I'm astoundit!"
And Humdrum, who, too, was surprised,
Said, "Oh, I thought I found it."

He turned and spurned and burned and churned
Amid much "tush" and "tuther,"
And spurted, blurted, durted straight
Back to his waiting mother.

"Did you find a ring, by chance?" she asked.
"Well, no—not quite." "Oh, squawk!"
Sobbed mother, "Well, I guess you must
Have taken the wrong walk.

"But we can only blame ourselves,
Psalm said so, so it's so,
For he is always right at sight."
And Humdrum, he said "Oh."

Chapter VII

IN WHICH LIZA GOES UNDER THE SIDEBOARD; WALTER AND EDWARD LEE FIX THE CAT, AND FLIP PROVES THAT THE CITY FOGS ARE NICE

It was Liza who discovered the secret. She was hiding from Hermit, and the best place to hide is under the sideboard, because Hermit is too large to crawl there. She was very quiet; so quiet that no one knew she was there at all. When Mother Dear and Father came in to put flowers on the table, she lay still as still could be and heard everything they said. Then she went right off to tell John although it was supposed to be a secret. John was busy taking an alarm clock apart, but he stopped when Liza came, and kissed her nose.

"Hullo, Big Sister," he said. "Which way is the wind blowing?" John always asked Liza interesting things. He didn't act at all grownupish with her like he did with the others.

"John," said Liza, "what do you think?"

"Lots of things," said John.

"It's a secret," said Liza.

"What?" said John.

Then Liza told him. The whole family was going to the City on Saturday and Uncle Captain Mick was going to take Martha Mary and John to the theater. The others were to go to the Cliff House and have lunch on the beach with waffles and peanuts.

John pretended not to be very much excited. Even with Liza he was annoying and superior when anyone was so happy that they could hardly keep still. But the others acted differently when they heard. Edward Lee and Walter had to do something big. So Walter put the white and black cat in a bucket of whitewash and Edward Lee put ink on the whitewash to make the black spots again. They always did queer things when they were glad. As for Martha Mary—she sought out Flip to tell him the news and there the rest of the younger part of the family, which was of course the most important part, found her, an hour later.

"Cities aren't so much," said John.

Flip thought they were. He had lived in San Francisco years and years ago.

"But you can't do interesting things there, like rowing and such," said John.

"You certainly can," argued Flip.

"And anyway," said John, "it's always foggy and cold, and things aren't alive there like the trees and hills and things in your stories."

"You are mistaken," said Flip. "I remember perfectly well——"

"It's a story; isn't it, please?" said Martha Mary.

"Well, not exactly a story."

"Please," said Martha Mary, and rubbed her soft, pink cheek against Flip's forehead. So what could Flip do but tell the story?—the story of the Things that are alive in the City.

"You see, John really doesn't know anything about it. There are just as many dreams and fairies and sprites in the City as there are right here in our own garden. Only everyone has to attend to business in the City and can't always remember these things. Why, the fairies that dance on Tamalpais are the most gorgeously happy fairies, I think, in all the world."

"Who's Tamperpies?" Liza wanted to know.

"Tamalpais is the biggest, oldest mountain you have ever dreamed of anywhere."

"Just like Smudge?"

"Exactly, only not quite so silly and spoiled as Smudge. It is a very dignified old mountain even if it is so lovely, and it sits right at the North Star corner of the bay and rules all the country for miles and miles around. But old Tamalpais is not the same as it used to be. When it was younger—oh, about twenty years ago—it was all covered with nice, tall trees; some of them so high that one would think the blue sky was resting on them. There were red berries, too, and vines and tremendously big ferns and the green things grew so thickly that one could hardly walk through them. There were wild things there, too; bears and deer and wild cats and heaps of squirrels and more singing birds than there are hairs on Hermit's tail.

"Right across the sunset water was the loveliest city; a city that rambled over a half-dozen queer old hills, up and down, twisting about like a regular jig-saw puzzle. And oh, it was a proud City, just as haughty and conceited as it could be. Of course it had lots to be conceited about, for there never was such a happy city of people before. They had wonderfully good times in such a per-

fectly nice way, and were so lively and busy that of course they couldn't help being proud.

"More than any of these things, the City was proud of its lovely mountain across the bay, and what do you think The trees and flowers were so thick on the mountain sides that it could never see through them and had no idea that the City was there at all. The City grieved at this because she loved the mountain so much and wanted it to love her. She used to send messengers over to it on Sundays and holidays; boys and girls by the dozen, in old tramping clothes, and they would take their lunch along, and sit in the fields and pick the poppies and violet-blue Lupin to bring back and put in vases and jugs in the City homes. One Sunday,—the sunniest, brightest Sunday you ever saw,—one of the messengers lay down in the grass under a bay tree and lit his pipe and thought. I don't know what he was thinking; it must have been something uninteresting, for little by little, his eyes closed, and the first thing you knew, he was sound asleep. The pipe fell out of his mouth and right into some dried leaves. Then it was awful; the grass caught on fire and before the messenger awakened the flames had eaten way out into the forest. The messenger awoke and tried to fight the fire alone, but it was useless. He cried for help and people came rushing from all sides to do what they could, but it was no use; on and on the fire spread till all the trees and bushes on the mountain were burned away. All night the flames raged and the sky was red, like a sunset, and smoke poured over the bay. And in the morning the mountain lay, all bare and black, and oh, the City mourned to see it. But you know, when anything unpleasant happens, something nice happens, too. In this case all the growth of green being gone from Tamalpais, he could look about him for miles and the very first thing he saw was the wonderful City—and—it was a case of love at first sight!

"Well, the Mountain and the City loved each other for years and years and years. Every morning the soldiers in the City would fire a cannon to welcome the sun and that would awaken Tamalpais. He would yawn and look across the water; then he would smile and when he smiled it was like oceans of sunshine. Then the City would smile an answer and the day would begin. The hours were so short until dark, one hardly noticed them pass. In the evening millions of lights would come out in the City like the loveliest diamond necklace of a fairy queen. Only fairies wear dewdrops and not diamonds. Tamalpais would gaze and gaze at the lights and the City would see the huge, black form standing out against the night sky, and so—just like a couple of children—they grew so interested watching each other that they forgot to go to bed at all. That would never do, you know. First the North Wind scolded the City; then the Lady Moon gave the mountain an awful lecture, but it didn't do any good. Tamalpais began to have wrinkles because he did not sleep, and the City became rather ill-humored. So the North Wind went to the Sun and asked him what he thought they had better do. Of course the Sun had a good idea; he always does seem to manage things somehow. He waited until late in the afternoon, then the very last thing, just before bedtime, he went west, out into the

ocean, and drew the water up in the sky to make lovely white clouds of it. Then the North Wind came over so gently. He took the white clouds through the Golden Gate and heaped them just like hills and hills of white, soft pillows, all over the City, and the mountain, too. That night no one could sleep; the Mountain grieved because it couldn't see the City, and the City was lonely because it couldn't see the black form of Tamalpais. But that was only the first night. After awhile they grew rather used to it and learned to watch for the ocean of white clouds. Then they would go to sleep, and it was always more exciting for them to wake up in the morning and see each other. Of course sometimes they would wake up and the clouds would still be there. Then the Mountain would grumble and the City would shiver, and down would come the North Wind to carry the clouds away again—and there would be sunshine.

"Now, every night, when the bugles in the Presidio sound 'Taps,' which is the soldiers' song when they go to sleep, the North Wind hears the soft, whispering music and brings in arms full of white clouds so that Tamalpais and the City by the Golden Gate can go to sleep."

Edward Lee laughed when Flip had finished the story.

"That is very impolite of you," said Martha Mary. "I liked Tamalpais and you shouldn't laugh."

"Wasn't laughing at that," said Edward Lee.

"What was it, then?" asked Martha Mary.

"It's Liza," said Edward Lee. "Look at her. Someone has been putting white clouds over her."

Sure enough, Liza was sound asleep with her arms about Hermit's neck.

Hermit was asleep, too, with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out, although it is very bad to sleep with one's mouth open.

But, you see, Hermit is only a dog and dogs can't understand everything.

Chapter VIII

IN WHICH MARTHA MARY HAS A WONDERFUL DAY AND LEARNS THE LOVELIEST OF SECRETS AND FLIP'S ASPIRATIONS ARE EXPLAINED

It was Martha Mary's birthday; the brightset, happiest birthday she could remember. But, of course, the last birthday a person has always seems the nicest. Everyone had presents for her. From Father and Uncle Captain Mick there were oodles of books and ribbons and things for a sewing-basket. John borrowed fifty cents from Levy, the butcher, and bought a perfectly good spy-glass. Martha Mary could use it, he said, to spy out the rest of the family when she wanted company, or Liza when she got lost. Personally, I think he expected some pretty good times with it himself. Walter and Edward Lee sold forty bottles to the rags-bottles-sacks-man for fifteen cents, and with the aid of a nail managed to get eleven cents more out of their penny-bank. They bought five molasses sticks, one for each of the children, which left just a penny over. Mother's presents were the nicest of all. First there was a white linen cushion to be embroidered with golden poppies; then there was a book of the Secret Garden and a perfectly beautiful edition of Peter Pan. Best of all! Guess what! There was a corset! It wasn't a really and truly corset, because Mother Dear did not approve of them, not even for grown-up women, but it had whalebone all up and down it like the strait-jacket they keep prisoners in.

Martha Mary went under the trees with all her presents, and John was particularly nice and not at all grown-upish. He built a throne on the stump of the old oak tree and Martha Mary sat there, surrounded by the trees and flowers and birds, and John made her a wreath of buttercups and a daisy chain. Then he tooted a blast on the cook's dinner-horn and called all the court to do homage to Queen Mary.

Flip was out in the field planting alfalfa. When he heard the horn he stopped work, although he was quite sure it was not lunch time. Still, he wasn't going to take any chances because he certainly did like to eat. Across the lawn he came and there he saw the queen, surrounded by all her subjects.

"What is this?" asked Flip. "Why the celebration?"

"Please," said Martha Mary, a little bit choky, "you have forgotten, Flip, and I did not want you to forget."

"What did I forget, Ladykin Dear?" asked Flip.

Martha Mary would not tell because she did not want him to feel badly. Neither would John.

"You tell me, Butterfly," Flip coaxed Liza.

"It's her birfday," said Liza, "and there is going to be cake with candles for tea."

Well, at first Flip felt so badly that he couldn't talk at all; then he got an idea.

"Queen Mary," he said, "I did forget and it was hateful of me. But there was a reason for my forgetting. You see I have a secret, too, and I've been thinking and thinking about it and almost forgot everything else. Will you forgive me?"

"Please," said Martha Mary. "Yes, but I should like to know the secret."

Flip bit his lip. He really wanted to tell, but did not know if he had the right. You see when people know nice things it is much more fun to tell them to everybody. So he agreed. He said the secret was only for Martha Mary, so the boys and Liza would have to go away for ten minutes. Martha Mary raised her willow branch scepter and ordered them away. Then Flip lay on the grass and rested his head against Martha Mary's knees and closed his eyes.

"Please," said Martha Mary. "I am waiting."

"It's hard to tell, Silly," said Flip.

"But you promised."

"Well," said Flip, and got all red. "I'm in love!"

"Flip!" said Martha Mary, so surprised that she almost tumbled off her throne. "Only grown-ups fall in love."

"But I am grown-up. I'm more than twenty-four years old."

"Is that old enough?"

"Yes, if the person you love is more sensible than you are."

"Is she? And is she nice?

"Nice! Martha Mary, let me tell you about her. In the first place, she is very small for such a grown-up person. She looks no more than fifteen, but she is all of twenty years old. And she is so fine—and really very pretty, Ladykin. She has oodles and oodles of brown hair and the kindest, softest brown eyes and the dearest funny little nose and a strong, mannish jaw. You couldn't help liking her. And she likes nice things; birds and flowers and books—and fairies, too. And she likes me!"

"Now I know," said Martha Mary.

"What "

"You told Mother Dear when you came that you had aspirations. Mother would not tell me what aspirations were, but now I know. She is it."

"Not exactly," said Flip. "But she has to do with them. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Please," said Martha Mary.

"Well, it began years and years ago. I lived in San Francisco with a splendid father and a mother as lovely and fine as Mother Dear. My best friend was a little, brown-haired girl. Her name was Janet, but that was too grown-up and old-fashioned, so we called her Jane, although that is rather old-fashioned, too. But you see, Jane was an old-fashioned girl. We played the nicest games, Martha Mary, and when we were tired I would tell Jane stories just like I tell you. One day a man came to Jane's house. He stood behind the door and listened to one of my stories. Later he made me tell him others. When I had finished he said that when I was older I would be an author and write books. That became my aspiration. I made up my mind to be an author; not a great one who would try to change the world, but just a simple, quiet one who could tell stories that would make people just a little more happy. Then, Ladykin, one night something awful happened. I will not tell you much about it. There came a terrible earthquake. I don't like to talk about it. A brick chimney fell right on my mother and father's bed and killed them. It was awfully lonely then. I had learned to love Jane meanwhile, but I was quite poor and so I had to go away. I couldn't make money writing stories because my work was not good enough and I was not known. So I decided to work on a farm and write when I found the time. And here I am. Now, Martha Mary, guess what!"

"What?" asked Martha Mary.

"I have been working very hard every night on my stories all the time I have been here. Did you see the envelope the postman brought for me this morning?"

"Yes."

"It was from the publishers who print books. They have really and truly bought my stories and sent a perfectly good check and—I am an author."

Martha Mary's eyes were all watery. "Flip," she said, "I am so happy I have to hug you." She hugged him and then remembered about her birthday.

"I forgive you and excuse you altogether for forgetting," she said. "Your secret is the nicest thing that has happened today."

"But that is not the secret."

"Flip. Is there more?"

"There is."

"Tell me, please."

"I was so excited when my letter came that Mother Dear said when she heard of it—guess what!"

"I give up."

"She said I could 'phone to Jane and tell her to come right down so that she could tell me how happy she is."

"And will she?"

"Will she! I should just say so! She is on her way now and will be here in an hour."

"Oh!" said Martha Mary, "I didn't know that so many wonderful things could happen in one day. Now I want to call the children."

Flip blew the horn and across the lawn came all of the queen's court.

"I want to know the secret," said John.

"Can't tell," said Martha Mary. "But it is nice. Someone is coming."

"Captain Mick," shouted Walter.

"Not at all. It is a girl-person."

"Do we know her?"

"No, but you will and you will like her," said Flip. "Her name is Jane."

"I wish an hour was not so long," said Martha Mary.

"Perhaps," said John, "if you told us a story, Philip, it wouldn't seem so long."

"Perhaps," said Flip. Then, because it was a birthday and Martha Mary was queen, he told a queen story with Kings and Knights and Ladies. This was it:

(To Be Continued)

THE OSTRICH

By Ad. B. Schuster

If you ask an ostrich why
He holds his head so high,
  It's safe to say
  The ostrich may
Or may not make reply.

Perhaps the ostrich knows
The distance to his toes;
  Or, in a sense,
  He may be dense,
For that's the way he grows.

And so it seems to me
The better way would be
  To let him stride
  In all his pride
And mock solemnity.

For after all:

Why should an ostrich boast?
He's not so good as most,
  And as a bird,
  He's quite absurd,
And seldom served on toast.

The Accidental Reformer

By FAYE HOGUE

What Happened Before

Jane Corroll is Clare Winship's guest on a camping trip in Southern Oregon. Jane makes an enemy of Lyllyan Colling, another guest. Mrs. Prince, a neighbor, dislikes Jane also. Jane rescues Mr. Prince from quicksands in a swamp. He starts for San Francisco to hunt for his partner, who disappeared a year before. Lyllyan and Jane go rowing and Lyllyan tips the boat over in shallow water. Mrs. Winship, the chaperone, blames Jane for being careless. Lyllyan finally confesses it was her fault, and the other girls appoint Jane judge over a court to pass sentence on her. When Jane pronounces sentence Lyllyan gives a howl of dismay and tips backward over the edge of the box.

CHAPTER VI

Judge Jane repeated the sentence solemnly.

"You shall henceforth, while a member of this camp, eschew, ignore, discard, delete—think up some more words, somebody—and otherwise omit all use of rouge, lipstick, mascara, marcels, and fussy clothes, and you shall endeavor to be a good sport on all occasions."

Tom and Merle had helped the sputtering prisoner to her feet, while the other three girls were hanging onto each other, helpless with laughter. Lyllyan knew there would be no help from them, and Mrs. Winship never interferred in the camp arguments. All right, she'd show them she could be a good sport. She climbed back into the prisoner's box and crossed her hands meekly before her.

"Please, Yer Honor," she whined nasally.

The laughter stopped suddenly at this unexpected move.

"Please, Yer Honor, I claims a new trial." Lyllyan paused to enjoy the expressions on the various faces. "I ain't got no previous criminal record and I had a bum lawyer and I claims that the punishment is cruel, inhuman and unusual."

It was some time before Jane could stop laughing long enough to demand order in the court, but at last she made herself heard.

"The pathos of the prisoner is affecting," she admitted, rapping Stacey over the head to make her keep quiet, "but the court holds that though the punishment may be unusual, it is not cruel, especially to the rest of us. Merle, as bailiff—or whatever the proper court officer would be—I order you to accompany the prisoner to the tent and confiscate the aforementioned contraband."

"Wow! Jane!" gasped Clare, as Lyllyan was being solemnly conducted on her sad errand. "Where did you get hold of all those big words? And how do you know so much about holding court "

"A real judge might disagree with you about my extensive knowledge." Jane leaned forward to poke the fire under the dishwater. "As for all the big words, it's a combination of my experience in pirate circles and a painful interview with dad's lawyer just before I came up here." She turned to Mrs. Winship. "Was it all right, my telling her to give up those things?"

The chaperone nodded emphatically.

"Yes, I think it was a very good idea, and she took it better than I would have dared hope for."

"I was afraid she would hate me forever." Jane stared into the flames thoughtfully. "I just took a chance because she was enough of a good sport to 'fess up about the foat."

"Sh—here they come," whispered Duds.

Merle set an overnight bag at Jane's feet.

"Here it is, Your Honor; all I dared take. I couldn't confiscate all the fussy dresses 'cause that's all she had."

Stacey threw back the cover and poked around among the contents. "Woof! Enough stuff here to start a drug store, if the camp ever goes broke and needs to raise money. What'll we do with it?"

Duds peered over her shoulder. "Give it to Mrs. Winship to keep until—well, until sometime."

"All right." Jane scrambled down from her perch on the table. "Court adjourned so the Honorable Judge can take off her rope wig and dry her own hair. Come on, Lyllyan, we'll wash the dishes."

Lyllyan looked mournfully at her carefully manicured hands, but the

echoes of the approving shouts still rang in her ears, and besides she dared not rebel. Jane had provided no penalty if she failed to carry out orders, but Lyllyan had great respect for the ingenuity of Clare and Duds, and knew that punishment would be adequate. With as cheerful an expression as could be expected she helped Jane with the dishes and even helped get dinner that night without a complaint.

Next day they began Lyllyan's reform in earnest. Clare went with her to the Fort and superintended the purchase of what Lyllyan called her prison garb—khaki knickers and middy and heavy shoes. Clare shook her head over the first shoes Mr. Mercer brought out.

"Those won't do, Lyllyan. You're used to such high heels that these very low ones would knock your feet out of commission. You'll have to get used to sensible shoes gradually."

Lyllyan took the advice meekly. At first she had planned to adopt a martyr's pose, but to her surprise she found it was fun to be one of the crowd instead of perching in lonely grandeur on the peaks of sophistication.

While Clare was ordering a few supplies to carry out to camp Lyllyan wandered around inspecting the incredible assortment which traveling salesmen had assured Mr. Mercer would make his immediate fortune. An exclamation of interest brought Clare, packages under arm, up to a show-case. Lyllyan was gazing into the case with longing eyes.

"Isn't that the most adorable vanity box you ever saw, Clare? I simply must have it!"

"Come away from temptation!" Clare seized her arm and dragged her out of the store. "Those things are not for you. You're going to wear your own face for awhile. Come on and get those lanky locks bobbed. They're too long if you're going to wear your hair straight."

Clare stood over the barber and sternly curbed his desire to give Lyllyan a fancy haircut.

"I could do it just as well as not, Miss Winship," he protested.

Lyllyan, viewing the oily curl pulled down over his left eye and the wings of hair brushed back over his ears, hastily agreed that a plain bob like Clare's would be best.

"I look awfully different." Lyllyan viewed the result dubiously in the glass.

FIRE FAIRIES
By Barbara Vose
(Age 12)

At night when all the lamps are out,
And children have gone to bed,
There are fairies flitting all about,
Right by the old mill shed.

Sometimes I watch them, maybe hours,
Those fairies flitting there;
Lighting up the darkened flowers—
Fairies dark and fairies fair.

But at night when I am watching them,
Mother tells me something strange;
What seems to me like stolen gems
Are only fireflies from the range.

But still I watch them just the same,
Though mother says it's not so.
To me the fairies have real fame,
And I think grown-up folks don't know.

"It's becoming, though." Clare heroically repressed her desire to explain that the more different Lyllyan looked the better it would be. She wasn't noted for repressing anything that came into her mind, but Lyllyan was doing her best and was making a better job of it than they had expected. So Clare put a guard on her speech and even slowed up her usual pace on the homeward trail, out of regard to Lyllyan's new shoes.

At Prince's they were joined by Duds and Jane. When they were safely out on the trail Duds peered inquiringly into the bucket of milk she was carrying. "I'm afraid it's sour."

Clare joined in the inspection. "Why, no it isn't. What made you think so?"

"Because the Grenadier looked at Jane as she handed the bucket to me and her expression would have curdled molasses."

"I wonder why she hates Jane so." Clare turned to Lyllyan. "Did she ever tell you why?"

Lyllyan studied a moment. "No, she didn't tell me, but she seemed awfully upset when she found out Jane's name."

"It isn't such a bad name, either," said Duds. "Now, there'd be some reason for a name like mine upsetting anyone—Etheldreda! Isn't it a crime?"

"She once knew a man by the name of Carroll," explained Jane. "George or John or something like that, and even when she found out he wasn't my father she took pains to explain that no Carroll ever amounted to anything."

Clare kicked a stick impatiently. "She'd die of shock if she ever caught herself saying anything pleasant. Too bad they abolished the ducking stool that they used to reform scolds with."

Jane looked up rather sheepishly. "Do you know, I feel rather sorry for her."

"What?" chorused the three girls.

"Well, she has to live with herself, you know."

"You're right, Jane," Duds agreed solemnly. "We'll have to start a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Grenadiers—what's the matter with Stacey now?"

As they came through the willows into camp they saw Stacey dancing impatiently up and down in front of Tom, while he pretended to be buried in a magazine. Merle came over to take some of the packages and explained the situation.

"Tom started in right after breakfast throwing out mysterious hints about some plan he'd made, and of course he's got Stacey crazy. I didn't pay any attention to him."

It was not until Tom's phenomenal appetite had lost its edge at the lunch table that Tom put Stacey out of her misery.

"How did Lyllyan stand that eight-mile walk?" he asked.

"All right, didn't you?" Clare turned

to where Lyllyan was toying with her third plate of beans. "We didn't hurry, but I can report to the court that she didn't grumble."

"I'm a little tired," Lyllyan confessed. "But I'd never walked so far before, and my new shoes were a little stiff. It was fun, though, except coming through Carter's pasture where the bull roams."

Stacey giggled. "Didn't sit on the library table and rest, did you "

Lyllyan gave a little gulp, and then managed a laugh. "No, and if the library table had chased me again I could have made better time in these clothes."

"Good girl!" Tom applauded. "Do you think you'd be up to a hike to Crater Lake? What do you all say?"

They said plenty, most of it all at once, and all favorable.

When he could make himself heard he told them what he had planned.

"It's only 22 miles—think you can make it, Lyllyan? We'll take a couple of pack horses for our bedding and grub."

"Would we hike the whole 44 miles in one day, Tom?" asked Lyllyan anxiously.

"Great guns, no! This isn't a marathon, it's a pleasure trip. Seventeen miles the first day, to the Government headquarters at Annie Creek—we'll camp there both nights, so we'll just leave the horses and stuff there. The second day we'll go up to the lake and back to Annie Creek, and home the third day."

"I want to go, I want to go, I want to go!" wailed Merle. "It sounds gorgeous, and I'll have to stay here with Mrs. Winship—though that's not what I'm howling about."

"Merle, can't you go?" Clare dashed over to sit beside her friend. "If the hike's too hard for you we'll get a horse."

"Too much altitude," explained Merle. "This is just right, but six thousand feet always makes me sick. Never mind, Mrs. Winship and I will have a grand time together, and make candy every day, and just have a wild time."

So it was a party of six that started noisily out at dawn two mornings later. Five were bright eyed and eager; Lyllyan yawning and supported only by the knowledge that her new hiking clothes were really becoming.

They took the trail slowly, pausing often to gaze down the steep canyon at the dashing waters of Annie Creek,

but Lyllyan was glad to drop down and rest when they reached the end of the day's trip. She made no motion to help unpack, and when Stacey threatened to put her to work Jane interferred.

"Let her alone," she whispered, struggling with a sleeping bag. "She's really tired out and she's done pretty well today; hasn't even grumbled—much."

Not even the discovery that her extra stockings had been left behind roused Lyllyan, but she did sit up and display interest when an expensive car rolled past their camp and a lady leaned out to call:

"Hello, Jeannie Carroll; will you be up at the lake tomorrow?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cartwright."

"Hunt me up, I want to see you." The car rolled on.

"The Cartwrights were friends of dad's," explained Jane. "It looked like Mrs. Sherrod with her. Remember, Clare, I used to spend an occasional week-end at their Burlingame place."

"Yes, you took me to a tea there once. It's about the loveliest place I ever saw."

"Rich?" Lyllyan was interested at last.

"Rolling in it," was Jane's prompt response. "But they're so nice it's no real handicap."

This didn't sound like sense, so Lyllyan dismissed it as one of Jane's attempts at humor.

After supper she announced very casually that she'd try to get extra stockings at the little store. She rather curtly refused Duds' offer of company.

"She's up to something." Jane followed the retreating figure with questioning eyes. "Guess the best way to find out is to let her try to get away with it."

So they were all very busy getting into their sleeping bags when Lyllyan came back with a package tucked under her arm. She crawled into her own blankets without being questioned.

Their five-mile climb next morning was up one steep rise after another, but when they topped the last hill and Jane got her first glimpse of Crater Lake, the great sapphire in its deep setting of sheer golden walls struck her breathless. The others had seen it many times, but even Stacey paid it the tribute of silence.

They threw themselves down on the brown pine needles that carpeted the rim and drank in the loveliness that made a lump come in Jane's throat.

But quiet did not suit Stacey and she was soon on her feet.

"Come on, let's go down the trail. Where's Lyllyan?"

"Went up to the hotel for a drink." Jane rose reluctantly. "Here she comes—and there's Mrs. Cartwright. I'll catch up with you."

Lyllyan had been watching from behind a porch pillar, and timed her steps to join Jane just as she met the two ladies. Jane gave her a startled glance and knew why Lyllyan had slipped away to the hotel. Rouge, mascara, powder and lipstick had been applied with a lavish hand. Reluctantly Jane introduced her to Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Sherrod, but after a short chat with her old friends she excused herself.

"Come, Lyllyan, we'll have to hurry to catch the others."

"Go on, I may not go down the trail." Lyllyan seated herself on the rim overlooking the lake. She watched Jane hurrying down the trail and waited patiently until the two ladies started down, then followed them.

"I'll catch them part way down,"

she planned. "Then I'll have a chance to get really acquainted with them."

Before long she paused and leaned against a great pine to rest, for the thousand-foot trail is steep. An outjutting rock hid the path below and Mrs. Cartwright's voice came up clearly.

"I was glad to see Jeannie again. I was abroad when her father died and couldn't get track of her when I got back."

"Nice appearing girl," said Mrs. Sherrod. "But where did she pick up that impossible creature? She had enough makeup on to do for half a dozen factory girls from the Mission."

"Don't insult the poor factory girls," laughed Mrs. Cartwright. "It did look like the things you see in nightmares, didn't it."

They passed on, leaving a crushed girl to stumble blindly up the trail.

Jane had hurried on to catch the others, but there were so many points where she paused to feast her eyes that they had reached the little sandy beach at the water's edge before she caught up with them."

"Where's Lyllyan?" asked Clare.

"Renewing that schoolgirl complexion up on the rim." Jane jerked

off her shoes and stockings and tested the water with her toe. "Probably afraid she couldn't lug all that drug store up the trail again."

"Bet she got them last night," exclaimed Duds. "That's why she wouldn't let me go to the store with her."

"I'm plumb discouraged," mourned Jane. "Or I would be if this weren't too lovely to bother about silly girls. Let's forget her till we get back to camp."

Clare grinned. "We can at least plan some discipline for her."

At last they reluctantly started up the steep trail, pausing often to gaze out at the pine framed pictures of the cinder cone of Wizard Island and the jagged peaks of the Phantom Ship afloat on the blue water.

Lyllyan met them at the top of the path, and they turned questioning eyes on Jane, for all the makeup was gone and her eyes were swollen from crying.

Before they had time to question her Mr. Carter bustled up, bursting with the importance of news to tell.

"Say, folks, didya hear about Bije Prince? You know he told me 'fore he started for the city he'd had a warning. Yuh can't tell me there ain't nothin' in it, fer he started to China, and two days out at sea he died of pneumonia!"

(To Be Continued)

HUSH

By WINNIFRED MacGOWAN

A fairy is threading a needle. Don't stir!
No mending is ever a trouble to her.
Petals of flowers are her dresses, you see;
Fairies and sewing just couldn't agree.

Why is she threading a needle then, pray?
She threads her needle with cobwebs of grey,
Just to string toadstool-seeds. Then in the spring,
She'll plant the necklace you're watching her string.

What will she do with the ring when it grows?
Dance! She will dance on her fairy-quick toes.
And as she dances she'll sing a new charm,
To keep all the fairies now living from harm.

If you should find it, that sweet fairy ring,
Step in the middle as grave as a king.
Make just one wish with your fingers crossed, so;
But you never must tell you have done it, you know!

BRUCE REPENTS

By THELMA DU BOIS

A flash of red gold and snow white streaked across the green pasture and a great gold collie came to a standstill a few yards from the main highway. He braced himself and stood firm and strong, the wind blowing his silken coat into mangled elflike ruffs. Sniffing the air gingerly, he inhaled quickly the fresh, sweet odor of the salt grass and the pollen from the lazy, drowsy poppy flowers growing in the meadow beneath his feet.

Perhaps it was the opium from the previous mentioned poppies, perhaps just the atmosphere of the warm summer day that seemed to lull the senses of the big collie as he stretched full length upon the grass and gazed with listless, dreamy eyes at the long ribbon of highway stretching like molten silver before him.

The dog was dimly conscious that the sunbeams playing on his back were soothing to his hurt soul, and that the honey bees' ceaseless humming seemed friendly to his spirit. A spirit that had never been conquered and one that would not be likely to be until the collie himself should will it better so.

A cry rose from the direction of the old English farmhouse, gleaming white against deep green of sheltering Virginia creeper. A large, rambling old place it was, however, and comfortable looking.

The call was repeated—three times it rose and fell.

"Bruce—oh, Bruce—Bruce—."

The dog heard. He understood the words. They were meant for him. He pressed his handsome head harder and closer down into the sheltering grass. He did not mean to answer.

It was the first time he had ever disobeyed the call of his mistress' voice and there was a guilty feeling deep down in his dog heart but Bruce was not in a mood to care what his mistress thought of him today. He would much rather stay where he was and sulk. It was easier, at least. Besides, he was comfortable here, extremely comfortable, and he did not mean to disturb his repose.

Bruce stirred, and with his soft brown eyes, not a little tinged with shame, fastened on the expanse of highway, he thought over what his mistress had told him that very morning: "Bruce, I don't wish to see you chasing autos or jumping in front of them again. That highway is dangerous. It will hurt you, Bruce. You might be killed. Do you understand? You might die, Bruce, die, die, and I wouldn't have anyone to protect me while your master is away all day. Do you understand, Bruce You will not go out on the highway again? No, no. You will protect me. You will watch me, Bruce? Good dog, I trust you, Bruce, good dog."

And Bruce, more from the tone of her voice than anything else, understood what his mistress had told him; but it did not make him glad to hear the soft reproach in her voice or the pained pleading of it as she asked him to keep her safe. In his dog soul he could not reason out why he was not to play on the highway.

That his mistress had told him he would be hurt, that something dreadful would harm him if he did, he couldn't understand, for he had been on the highway many times and had not come to harm. Bruce did not trust the words of his mistress, he could not believe in her.

Around the bend in the road a high powered car, a roadster, was quickly approaching. Bruce looked up, and his active spirit, lying dormant in his brooding for so long, lived again. His heart beat with nervous excitement and with unbounded energy he was on all fours in an instant, every nerve quivered and his delicate, sensitive nostrils shook with his emotion. That gay, green roadster could carry no one else but one person in the world to Bruce, one man, his master!

The collie's red-gold form was still for just an instant and then it shot, like a flame of fire shoots higher into the air to welcome the coming of a fresh log, Bruce was going to welcome the coming home of his master!

Away across the few yards that were between him and the silver ribbon of highway, Bruce flew. He had reached the edge of the road and so had the roadster; but Bruce was not

watching the car. He was watching the surprised, delighted face of the man in the auto, a face that had suddenly changed to fear, as of fear mixed with agony; but Bruce did not see the change of expression. He only heard wild scraping, screaming brakes as the car came to a standstill. He saw his master through a hazy mist as he vainly tried to drag himself to his feet.

Bruce, the dog with the spirit that had never been conquered, had paid, had paid easily for it might have gone worse with the noble old sheep dog of the proud English homestead.

The collie saw his master bend down before him; felt him lift the crushed paw with his strong, broad hand, a hand that was gentle for all its roughness, and the collie knew that it was gentle and licked it affectionately. He did not mind the throb of his own paw, for a dog was born to suffer many things, and, like the Indian, would not think of showing pain.

It was early evening. A gray mist fell softly outside and kissed the late roses in the garden. The setting sun was hidden by clouds of tender gray; but inside the old homestead all was bright and cheery, all but the great collie sprawled before the fireside, and he was thinking, thinking, and now he understood, understood his mistress thoroughly, all she stood for, all she had meant by her words early that morning.

With limping stride he crossed the room to where she sat, busy with her sewing. He crouched before her, watching, waiting until she should notice him.

The mistress looked up and smiled, and Bruce, with a wag-wag of his lovely tail, placed his damaged paw up on her knee and with a great sigh of complete submission and loyal love rested his beautiful red-gold head upon his mistress' lap.

Bruce, the unconquerable, was conquered, conquered of his own free will, because he felt and knew that it was better so.

HALLOWE'EN VERSE

By Betty Prell

THE SPIRIT OF THE CORNFIELD

The Spirit of the Cornfield
  Comes out on Hallowe'en,
And only on that spooky night
  Can ever he be seen.

He hops about the cornfield,
  A-peeking everywhere,
To find some naughty child that he
  Can steal right then and there.

His home is in a cornshock,
  A pumpkin is his door,
And there he studies all night long
  His spooky, magic-lore.

When the Spirit of the Cornfield
  Comes out on Hallowe'en,
If he ever catches sight of you,
  You'll never more be seen!

HALLOWE'EN

Oh, Hallowe'en,
  That spooky night,
Brings thrills and shivers
  Of delight.

A little black cat
  And a yellow moon,
A goblin's dance
  To a witchy tune.

Some sheeted white ghosts
  That fly into space,
And an old scarecrow
  With a pumpkin face.

Oh, Hallowe'en,
  That spooky night,
Brings thrills and shivers
  Of delight!

THE T IN TROY

(Continued from Page 170)

feature film current events were shown. Suddenly the audience looked on the picture of a procession of green donkeys. That was all. No one knew how the film had gotten into the machine.

The proprietor of the theatre was horrified.

The film was destroyed.

That night, when darkness had wrapped its mantle over Troy University, a wild braying was heard. Windows flew up, heads peered out, and there, in the center of the campus, in the full glare of an automobile headlight, was a green wooden donkey. It was about twice as large as the first one. Braying voices were heard.

Doors slammed; out onto the green poured the students. But the green donkey had disappeared. An automobile was disappearing through the trees. Automobiles gave chase. Down the highway flew the invaders and the chasers. Suddenly there was a loud bang. A tire blew out. The Center automobile crept to a standstill. From it four forms sprang and disappeared in the darkness. And again wildly cheering Trojans captured a green donkey and carried it with ceremony to a place beside its smaller mate in the Troy campanille.

It was victory in a way. But underneath it was a wonderment. What was behind it? What was the meaning of the green donkeys.

"They get my goat," said Captain Harry Munn. "One does not know what to expect next."

Then came a series of envelopes in the mail. They were addressed to each member of the Trojan team. They contained crayon drawings of green donkeys.

Came the night one week before the Big Game.

A huge automobile truck swooped down upon Middletown and Troy University. It bore a donkey—a huge green donkey—twice the size of the last one—four times the size of the first one. Through the town dashed the truck, and out upon the open road. Trojans in machines, Trojans on bicycles, Trojans on foot gave chase. But at a turn of the road the truck disappeared.

"That one got away," groaned the crowd.

"We've got to get it," roared Captain Harry Munn. "It is the duty of every member of Troy University to capture that donkey. We must have it."

That was Saturday night.

Sunday morning the students pouring out of chapel saw a truck disappearing through the trees. The great green donkey was on it. The truck took a sudden turn and was gone, and no trace remained.

Monday night it came again and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday. Guards were placed on the roads leading into Middletown, but the driver of the donkey truck always found another way—a way to come and a way to go.

Friday afternoon a last-minute rally was called.

"Snooty" Cochrane talked.

"Fellows," he said, "we are going to win the game tomorrow. That goes without saying. We have a wonderful team and we have got to win."

"Yay," screamed the rooters.

"Furthermore," Snooty continued, "the Trojan 'T' is going to be red this year. . ."

"Yay, yay," roared the rooters.

"And finally," said Snooty Cochrane, "somewhere around these parts there is a green donkey that has to be captured before tomorrow afternoon. If I know anything, that green donkey is going to put in an appearance at the bonfire rally tonight. Fellows, I am superstitious. I tell you here and now that if that donkey shows up and we capture it the game will be won for us before we begin to play. Come to the rally tonight. Come to yell. Come to cheer your team. And above all, come to capture Centerstate's green donkey."

"Yay, yay, yay," howled the mob.

The bonfire rally was held in the center of the football field. A thousand Trojans gathered barrels and staves and roots of trees for the largest fire that Middletown had ever seen. A thousand Trojans and five hundred co-eds gathered and cheered and danced and sang. Finally hats came off and the chorus of voices caroled the "Hymn of Victorious Troy."

"Trojans, we are joyous," they sang.

"Trojans, hear our song,

"Hear our gladsome voices. . ."

And then something brayed.

It was a long, weary, howling bray.

The Trojan hymn stopped in the middle.

A deadly hush fell upon the football field. And then as one man the Trojan mob rushed the gates. Down the road dashed a truck. After it came the throng. Suddenly out of the night a guard of Trojans blocked the road. The truck could not plunge through them; could not turn, could not back up. Down from the truck dashed four forms, four forms that vanished in the blackness of the night. And with joy and victory in their hearts the Trojans lifted the great green donkey

to their shoulders, and ceremoniously bore it before the cheering, howling throng to a place beside its brother donkeys in the campanille of Troy University.

The guard of twenty men formed their hollow square about the base of the campanille. The iron doors swung to, the chains rattled and the lock was made fast. Night, peace and quiet enfolded the campus of Troy.

Saturday was brilliant. The sun dazzled the eyes of the alumni who had come back to Middletown for the day. The town was a blazing riot of red—red hats, red ribbons, red balloons, red flowers. Automobiles dashed through the town bearing their gay burdens. Towards noon the red gave way to the green of Centerstate. Visitors arrived by the hundreds; everybody seemed to be rushing aimlessly through the maze of color, and all the rushing finally headed toward the football field. The turf had been nursed till it was as rich as the White House lawn.

The bleachers commenced to fill early. To the west was the section reserved for Centerstate, with green banners flying above it. To the east were the rows for the Trojan rooters beneath pennants of red. And to the south, high above the campus, more than a half mile from the field, rose the tall, beautiful grey granite of the campanille of Troy, with its flaming scarlet "T" at the top.

Many a heart had been heavy with fear that turned to joy that morning when eyes sought the "T" and saw it for the first time in years boldly red. But the guard had done its work; the guard and the iron fence, and Centerstate sat in the reflection of red.

It was almost too good to be true!

The bands arrived. In solid mass they occupied the center of the field and played the national anthem. The cheers of the rooting sections broke the silence of the forests for miles around. Centerstate sang "Salut, Center," and Troy sang "Trojans, on to Victory," and the teams arrived.

Confetti filled the air. Balloons were released. Screams, cheers and yells drowned the booming of the band. A whistle blew.

The game was on!

Centerstate kicked off. Troy took the ball and ran it back thirty-five yards. Centerstate held. Troy fought. Center fought. Twenty-two gladiators

fought. The end of the first quarter arrived and no score. Second quarter! Troy fought! Center fought! Twenty-two gladiators struggled and sweated and suddenly the line broke. Troy dashed down the field and scored.

Troy 6.

Center 0.

It was wonderful. The red "T" in the campanille danced in the sun's glare. The band roared; the crowds roared. It was good to be alive.

The second half was on.

The score stood: Troy 6, Center 0. The Centerites were growing nervous. The bleachers were shrieking. The Center quarter raised his hand for quiet. The rooters settled. The ball was passed. And then. . .

A woman's voice shrieked—shrieked loud and madly. A woman stood up in the Troy bleachers and shrieked.

"The 'T'," she shrieked, "the 'T'."

Three thousand heads turned to the campanille. Three thousand pairs of eyes glared in amazement.

Slowly down over the face of the great "T" came a surface of wild color. The red was disappearing; green was spreading. Across the face of the "T" a tiny form sprawled, arms outstretched, plashing the green in great sweeps. And below the guard of twenty stood in hollow square and knew nothing of what was happening above.

As a man the Trojan rooters deserted their seats. Down the field they spread and across it like a fan. Out through the gates they surged and to the campanille. They brushed the guard away like flies. Up the stairs they rushed, five hundred of them.

But it was too late!

The crimson "T" had turned to green and the mischief-maker, whoever he was, had been lost in the surging crowd.

* * *

On the Centerstate campus that night a mighty throng gathered before the window of Professor Einstag. He appeared and waved and bowed.

"Speech, speech," the mob shrieked.

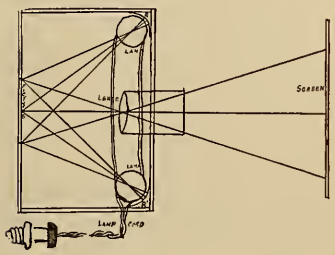
"I-I—" said Professor Einstag, "commend to you the story of Helen of Troy. She went to Troy with Paris, you know. Then her husband, who was Menelaus, came with his army to storm the walls of the city of the Trojans. But the walls were invulnerable. So the army of Menelaus built a wonderful wooden horse. They left it there, and the Trojans captured it and took it within the walls of the city. In it were hidden a handful of soldiers. At night they crept out from their hiding place in the great horse and opened the gates of the city. The besieging army swept in, and Troy fell! I-I-I—"

Someone shouted "Hurray for Helen of Troy." Someone else cheered. "I-I-I—" stuttered Professor Einstag. But he stuttered to empty air for the mighty throng had shifted like a wave down across Centerstate campus to celebrate their 45 to 6 victory over the Trojans of Troy University.

A Postcard Projector

By Robert B. Dean

Here it is! A lantern slide machine that will show postcards and photographs without having to make costly slides.



If you will look at the drawing you will see that it consists of a light-tight box 10x10x14 inches, with lamps in the corners and a sliding lens in the center. The postcard or photograph is placed at the back, upside down, so that you may change it at will. The lens is a 3-inch reading glass lens, fitted into the open bottom of a clean tin can. The bottom of the can is cut out with a common can-opener so as to leave a ¼-inch rim to hold the lens, which is further supported by a thin cardboard washer on either side and a spring wire ring to hold all in place. In the center of the front of the box a hole is cut to hold the lens tube firmly, but loose enough to permit it to slide back and forth for focusing.

The lamps are 75 watt, clear mazda globes, with tin reflectors behind them, or tinfoil pasted on the back of each globe. The globes are screwed into porcelain light sockets connected in parallel with each other by ordinary lamp cord. The cord is extended 8 feet beyond the box and has an attachment plug on the end.

The inside of the box is stained black. The picture is fastened upside down on a 5-inch door in the back; this door should be hinged at the bottom and have a catch at the top. The top of the box is also stained black on the inside.

To operate the projector it is placed waist high, about 5 or 6 feet from the screen, which may be a white tablecloth or sheet. Extinguish the light in the room and turn on the globes in the projector. Hold the picture in place on the door with thumb tacks and focus by sliding the lens tube in or out until you get a clear outline.

Most of the parts for making this projector can be obtained from a mail-order house, and the cost will not exceed $4.

As All Things Pass

By Alice J. Reinhart

I made a resolution a day or so ago,
I kept my resolution—for a day or so.

I made a little promise to a person that I know,
And I kept my little promise—for a day or so.

I was longing for some pleasure a day or so ago,
I took it, and it lasted—for a day or so.

I had a true and faithful love a day or so ago,
I vowed to love forever, and I loved—a day or so.

I feel that I am very old, and life must always go
Just on and on forever. Still it's just—a day or so.

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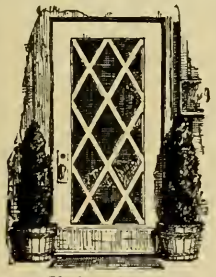

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1. Who wrote "A Lodging for a Night"?
2. Of whom is it a story?
3. Who wrote "Peter Pan," and who made the character famous on the stage?
4. Where is Washington Irving's grave?
5. Who was the great blind poet?
6. What writer of popular negro stories is now living in San Francisco's Chinatown?
7. What great novelist of the last century is still living, near London, known as the Dean of English Literature?
8. Who wrote the Bab Ballads?
9. What was the first title of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"?
10. What is your favorite story? Why?
11. Who translated the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and how was the translation discovered?
12. What three great British poets were chums?
13. Who wrote "Bob, Son of Battle"?
14. Who was Little John?
15. What great novel tells a story of the French Revolution?
16. Who wrote "The Jungle Books"
17. Who wrote "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"?
18. Who was Becky Sharp?
19. Name three popular, romantic novels that boys and girls will enjoy?
20. What hero in fiction fought windmills?
21. Name two novels by William De Morgan.
22. Who is your favorite poet? Why?
23. Who wrote "Winnie, The Poo"?
24. About whom was "The Perfect Tribute" written?
25. Who was Lafcadio Hearn?

MY MISUNDERSTOOD PET

By Elaine Hohman
(Age 13)

I guess you are wondering what my misunderstood pet was. He was nothing but a little white rat with pink eyes, whose name was Mike. Now I guess you are wondering why he was misunderstood. Well, it's just this: Everyone was afraid of him, but he was as harmless as a little kitten.

When I obtained Mike he was just a few months old. Soon he learned his name and whenever I called him he would come running like a little puppy dog. Then I began to teach him tricks. He learned to sit up and hold a cooky in his little paws, which are shaped like hands, and when you would hold him upside down by his tail he would turn around and run up it onto your hand.

Whenever I would pick Mike up he would crawl down my neck and go to sleep on my shoulder.

One day my music teacher came (she was a little German woman), and I forgot that Mike had gone to sleep on my shoulder. I started to play the piano when Mike popped his head out (the music woke him up). Oh, you should have seen my teacher jump up and scream. She was so afraid of poor, harmless, misunderstood Mike. When I would take Mike to the store the effect was the same with everyone.

Mike lived until last June and oh, how I wept when I went to his cage and found him dead. I made a little grave for him in my back yard and all the children attended his funeral.

PHILOSOPHY

"Wow!" said Hamburg,
Stung on the nose—
"Bees *will* be drifting
Where the wind blows."

Proving quite nicely,
If you would know,
Hamburg was not so
Mentally slow.

—*S. B. C.*

Where Directions for Finding New Treasures Are Given

By ALINE KISTLER

"MEREDITH'S ANN" is a story of unexpected adventure in the White Mountains. It is written by Elizabeth Janet Gray, who enters with zest into the experiences of her characters. She fairly makes you see Ann, the girl who, after the tragedy that swept away her own folk, had come to the colonial farmhouse under Baldtop Mountain to be with the Merediths, those two old people who loved her so. And fully as interesting as Ann are the three Bradleys, Mickey and Tom, the twins, and Barbara, their older sister.

Ann knew the forests, with their flowers and birds and steep trails and swift brooks. Joyous and understanding, she made friends wherever she went and in her wake came adventure.

It was not the search for excitement in the first place that had brought the Bradleys to the beautiful, lonely mountain intervale to open up and live in the summer cottage while most boys and girls of their age were still in school. They came to find new strength and health for Tom. With Ann's help they found it and as Spring came swinging through the woods they found something else, namely a self-reliance that made it possible to meet the situations that arose.

"Meredith's Ann"—Doubleday Page, $2.00.

* * *

A story of actual experiences written by a boy only 13 years old is *"David Goes to Baffin Land,"* by David Binney Putnam.

Say, but I envy David Putnam. This trip into the North that he describes in this book is the third exploring trip he has been on. Also the books he has written about the other trips have been read by thousands of boys and girls.

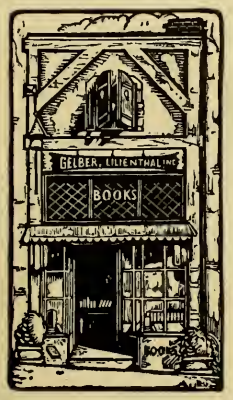
Think of having gone on the Arcturus adventure with Beebe! Think of taking a trip to Greenland with an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History! And, beyond all that, to go on a third great trip, this time to the almost unexplored Baffin Land—and all that before he was 13!

The experiences themselves are enough to make anyone envy David, but besides giving him a wonderful time these adventures have made it possible for David to become a "successful author." Of course he could not have become a success without a great deal of work, so you have to hand it to him for writing the books—for writing a book is no small task as you will soon find out if you try it for yourself.

I'm not going to tell you much about David's most recent book with its story of whales, harpooning, hunting, Eskimo ruins, glacial icecaps and adventurous exploration along unknown Arctic shores, because you will want to read it first-hand. Anyway, I've done enough for one time if I have introduced you to David Putnam, who wrote *"David Goes to Baffin Land"—Putnam*, $1.75.

* * *

This month a charming book sailed into The Cove for the boys and girls of 7 to 12 years. It is called *"Nadita"* and is written by Grace Moon.



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Somehow in reading *"Nadita"* you find yourself down in sunny old Mexico in a town of adobe houses with green doors and red-tile roofs. You feel as though you were peeping through iron gates into patios bright with flowers and singing birds. You hear old Pancho of the twinkling eyes tell his tales of bandits and highwaymen. You see the bright flags of the traveling circus and the large eyes of baby burros and the fat, jolly form of Lolita.

Nadita is the name of the little Mexican girl in the story. She has many exciting times, including a kidnaping, a thrilling rescue and the big surprise that comes at the very end of the book.

"Nadita"—Doubleday Page, $2.00

* * *

An unusual book that arrived this month is *"Let's Go A-Mazing,"* by Bertha Eveleth Blodgett. It is not a story book. It isn't a picture book, and yet it has both stories and pictures. But these stories and pictures are only the background for perfectly fascinating puzzles. Maze Puzzles!

Have you ever gone through a maze? You probably have at some time or other run in and out of the crooked paths between tall hedges of the maze in some park. It is lots of fun because just when you are certain that you are on the right track and will come to the center the very next turn, you find that your path is just a blind alley. That means that you have to turn back and take another path and try your luck again.

Of course the mazes in this book aren't ones that you can really walk through. These are called "lead pencil labyrinths," which means that they are pictures of mazes that you go through with your pencil trying to go from start to finish without being tricked by the blind alleys or wrong turnings.

Each page contains a colored maze which tells a quaint story based on a Mother Goose or other Nursery Rhyme, and for each one there is a marking of your record—100 per cent for the one who can trace the way without taking a single wrong path,

(Continued on Page 195)

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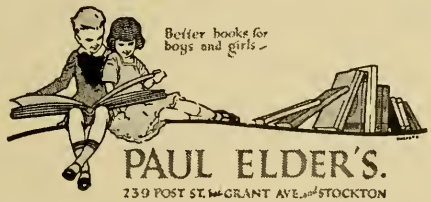

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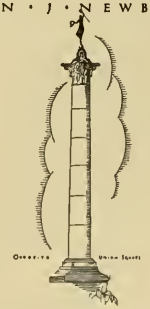
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We do not know when we have had nicer verses than those written by Josephine Wein, who wins this month's prize. Parisian Nights, on page 166, might have been written by a grown-up poetess, and the two verses on page 197 are fully as good.

If you knew how much pleasure the editor finds in reading the verses and stories of the boys and girls, we feel sure you would all write them for us.

But again! How about the boys? Can't they write at all? The only regular boy-writer we have is Robert Dean with his articles on "How to Make Things." There must be others who like to write and can write.

THE ROAMING ELF

By Olga Carlson
(Age 12 Years)

Out in the wilderness,
Among the flowers,
Lived a wee elf man
Named Elfin Showers.

His house was a tulip
With a rose-leaf bed,
And a lily pod roof
To shelter his head.

He lived all alone
In his wee little house,
With on one to play with
But a little gray mouse.

He soon grew tired
Of living alone,
So with his little gray mouse
Began to roam.

They trespassed on some land
Which the king and queen owned,
And were dragged into prison
For daring to roam.

They waited and waited
For the day to come nigh,
When in the old prison
They would soon have to die.

Then the weary day came
When they were to hang,
And this is the song
The bells for them sang:

"This is the end
Of Elfin Showers,
Who dared to step
On the king and queen's flowers!"

But nay! the bells were wrong
For the wise elf made it shower,
And all fairy folks rushed
To their home that very hour!

And brave Elfin Showers
Ran swift to his home,
And vowed that he
Never again would roam.

A CHILD'S SONG TO THE RIVER

By Anne Elizabeth Frisbie
(Age 15)

Flowing in the Springtime,
Flowing toward the sea;
All around you fragrance,
Happy you must be.

Flowing in the Summer,
Always cool and green;
Tell me, Mr. River,
Just where you have been?

Flowing in the Autumn,
Ever on and on;
Will you then, dear River,
Be there by the dawn?

Flowing in the Winter,
Cold with ice and snow;
Please wait, Mr. River,
Wait and let me go!

A PIRATE

By Barbara Vose
(Age 12)

Brown and tanned was his face,
As seamen want to be;
After treasures he had chased,
And sailed the Seven Seas.

His hands were rough and hard,
His shoulders brown and strong,
His cheeks were sabre-cut and marr'd
His hoary beard grown gray and long.

His clothes were made of a dusty green,
His hair was of a hoary red,
His trousers blue and very lean;
He was a dangerous man, 'twas said.

His eyes were sharp and of darkest blue;
He was weather-beaten and old.
He wore but only one shoe,
And now the story of that pirate is told.

THE MERMAID AND THE MARINER

By Anne Elizabeth Frisbie
(Age 15)

A mermaid sat combing her locks one day
Upon a rock, a small isle in the bay.
Along came a mariner, handsome and young,
The words of a sweet song still on his tongue.
The mermaiden looked, anon said she,
"This mariner my fate shall be."
So she a magic song began,
Which charmed all things on every hand.
The mariner gazed across the tide,
"This mermaid fair shall be my bride."
In his boat he started, her to see,
But alas, the cruel rocks forgot he.
His boat o'erturned ere he could reach
The mermaid fair upon the beach.
And he before her eyes was drowned,
And never was his body found.
And ne'er again to that beach fair
Did the mermaid rise to comb her hair,
But stayed forever down below,
And ever did she sorrow know.

THREE KITTENS

By Jean Kauffman

Once there was a girl named Helen. She had a mother cat that was very white, so they named her Snow Ball.

One morning Helen awoke to find three darling little kittens. One was black, so she named him Blackie, the other two were white, so she named them Snow White and Fur Ball.

Helen loved Snow Ball very dearly, but as to the kittens, she even liked them better. So Blackie, Snow White, and Fur Ball grew up very quickly.

Helen's mother had some bee hives.

One day her mother left some honey on the back stairs, and what do you think happened? Blackie fell right into the honey! It was quite a long time before Blackie got out. When he did get out, Helen washed and dried him.

After that they didn't have any more experiences. Helen loved Blackie very much, but she loved the others just the same.

JACKIE

By Jacquelyn Sullivan

Large eyes of blue,
An unlaced shoe,
Golden curly hair,
Rompers, too dirty to wear.
Two red lips apart,
A good little heart.
A sunny smile upon his face,
Stockings down, all out of place.
Dimples in both of his cheeks,
A tear hasn't been in those eyes for weeks.
A strong little boy, as healthy as can be,
And I love Jackie, and Jackie loves me.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A FAMILY OF RACOONS

By Barbara Holden
(Age 14)

Last Saturday morning Mr. Prosper Hontou was out gathering sheep, and his dog, Blanco, ran up to a tree and began to bay. The log looked at the sheep and then at the racoon in the tree and did this several times. Finally he decided to go after the racoon and let the sheep go. He bayed and bayed and Mr. Hontou rode up to where the dog was. Here was a mother racoon lying on a bed of leaves in a hole in the tree. She looked up at the dog and Mr. Hontou and became very frightened. Mr. Hontou said to himself that maybe Sam would like to have a racoon, so he put his coat over the hole. He took his rope off of his saddle and tied it around the coast and the tree and locked the racoon in.

He hopped upon his horse again and came home with the little band of sheep. It was noontime so he didn't go back right away. He came up and while eating his dinner he told us about finding the racoon.

Sam, Dad and Mr. Hontou rode down to this place after dinner and untied the rope and took the coat away. They looked inside of the tree and what do you think they saw? There were two little racoons lying by the old mother racoon. Mr. Hontou reached in and took them out. The old mother just looked at him. He tied a rope around her neck and put her in a sack. They put the babies in another sack.

Sam carried the babies home and Mr. Hontou carried the old mother.

They built a cage and put the mother and her two babies in it. We fed them bread, meat, apples and things that a racoon likes. We put a large can of water in it for her to drink out of and bathe in. Every time that a racoon takes a bite of food it washes it first. We fed her frogs and if we stood by she would sit there and look at us. As soon as we would leave her and were out of sight she would eat it. The first night she tried very hard to get away, but was not successful. The second night she did get away.

(Continued on Page 196)

The Postage Stamp Man

By William C. Etheredge

Hardly anywhere in the world in recent years has there been such a rich field for the postage stamp collector as in the issues of the United States —our own country right at hand. Too often collectors are likely to overlook those things that are right under their hands.

Still available at most postoffices are the latest souvenir or commemorative stamps issued by the United States. They are likely to be valuable. Despite the vast population of this country and the large number of stamps of each issue printed they seldom are on the market for postage use very long, and it is a common thing in these days to find that you must go to a stamp dealer and pay a premium on a United States stamp that may be less than a year old.

Already the Lindbergh air mail stamp, 10-cent blue, with a picture of "Lindy's" plane, is unavailable at postoffices, and you well know how short a time ago it was that it was placed on sale.

The new issues compare favorably in design and in historical interest with other recent United States special stamps. The Vermont sesquicentennial stamp of 2-cent value is of the familiar carmine-red of our regular issues of the same value. It also is of the same shape. In design it is striking with a figure in red of the Green Mountain Boy against a background of white. The other special issue commemorates the Burgoyne campaign of the American Revolution, and is of the wide size usually used for stamps of this kind. The design of the stamp is so crowded as to make necessary a close examination to distinguish all its features, but the detail is so distributed as to make the whole effect pleasing.

Hardly a year has passed in America recently without one or more interesting varied and valuable special issues. Sometimes these have included several denominations, with purchase values of the denominations above 2 cents shooting up rapidly once the issues were withdrawn.

This business of keeping a close watch on American stamp issues is one of the best ways in the world to secure a valuable collection without the outlay of much money, and for the average small collector or beginner the mere purchase of stamps is generally regarded as an evil that takes away from the genuine sport of collecting. With a catalog, perforation gauge and watermark detector, it is amazing how many varieties of American stamps may be secured—more often than not, merely at the price of being watchful. And, entirely aside from the joy of collecting, both the regular and commemorative issues of American stamps will be found of great educational value, especially now that historically important events are being recorded in the souvenir issues. No collector of stamps will be caught napping on American dates when it comes to a school examination in history.

In our present issue of postage stamps there is added historical interest. Not all of the presidents are represented on our stamps, but the most famous of our elected leaders are there, as well as some others who have been important in the history of the Nation. Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Monroe, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, the later Harrison, McKin-

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ley, Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding are presidents whose names are known to everyone and whose faces may be found on our stamps. Nathan Hale, Martha Washington, Benjamin Franklin and John Marshall are other famous persons remembered in stamps.

The field of United States postage stamp collection is rapidly widening. There is room, just in American specialization, for all tastes of all collectors.

The richest field opened in recent years is that of original covers on first air mail flights. The earlier envelopes in some instances are almost without price, and yet when the flights occurred they were almost as available to collectors as is the current issue of our ordinary 2-cent stamp.

Even with the rapid spread of a network of air mail routes over this great country, and with an ever-growing use of the air mail, there can be only a few of each "first flight" envelopes. The watchful collector who gets them now will find the value greatly magnified in just a few years.

Even the ordinary United States air mail stamps of today may suddenly jump in value if the latest conference of nations at The Hague brings its expected result in establishment of uniform air mail stamps for the world. The United States is urging uniform handling and rates on a zoning system of 1000-mile units. It is surely certain that by the time of the next Postal Union Congress in London in 1929 that some such plan will be worked out.

The Book Cove

(Continued from Page 191)

with ten per cent off for every false move.

For instance, there is the Mouse and Clock puzzle. The feat is to enter at either lower corner and attempt to "go up the clock" and arrive where the arrows point. There is only one way to reach the clock, as every mouse knows. All other passages are blind alleys.

There are twenty-two puzzles in all. That means twenty-two wit-testers to the owners of *"Let's Go A-Mazing"*—*Putnam*, $1.25.

* * *

May Justus has written a charming book for the littler boys and girls of from 5 to 8 years old. It is called *"Peter Pocket"* and is about a small boy and his dog, the Pickle Pup. Peter lives with Granny Messer on Pine Mountain in the Cumberlands, where he was left by the Song Maker. He has wonderful times with Miss Maggie, who taught him to read the singing verses the Song Maker had left, with Uncle Tobe and Honey, with his beloved violin and, perhaps most of all, with Pickle Pup. Miss Justus has spent years as a teacher in the Cumberlands and from this experience she has written a story as fresh as a mountain breeze, as sweet as a song from the Singing Pine.

The little folks will like *"Peter Pocket"*—*Doubleday Page*, $1.50.

ADVICE

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

Hollow your a's,
Roof your t's,
Arrow your k's
And link your e's.

Bracket your d's,
Tail your q's,
Belly your b's
And cup your u's.

Shallow your y's,
Zig your z's,
Open your i's
And curl your c's.

Fatten your o's,
Give the x dents—
Keep 'em in rows
And try to make cents!

ANTONIO STRADIVARIUS

(Continued from Page 166)

birthday, but his father said nothing. Antonio felt that he understood.

On the following month his father praised Antonio for a carving he had done, and then the boy told his father everything.

He felt happier, as if a great weight had been lifted off his heart, as he looked at his father, when he had finished, and waited for him to speak.

The silence was interminable. The boy waited, breathless.

"I'll take you to Nicolo Amati," said his father, and Antonio's heart seemed to stop beating.

"Father—you know him?"

"Yes."

"When—when can we go?"

"We'll go tomorrow, and you can take him some of your things."

Antonio Stradivari slept little that night, and at dawn he was out on the street. He had found a new doublet on his bed, with a lace collar like that Giovanni had worn, and a little velvet cap.

When they came to Nicolo Amati's house the servant looked long at the boy, but he led them upstairs, very courteous and very silent.

Antonio found himself before Amati, his cheeks flushed, his hands gripping tightly the things he had brought.

The master looked long at them.

"And you want to make violins?"

"Yes, messere."

"What makes you want to?"

Antonio's voice was very low.

"I have always wanted to make music, messere, and I never could—any other way—"

The great Amati smiled, and said:

"You can stay. And what is your name?"

"Antonio Stradivari."

And so he became an apprentice of Nicolo Amati, and all the dreams he had had he put into the violins. Years passed and he became very great. He became greater than his master, and the greatest in all Italy, and in all the world. And while the music of such as Giovanni was beautiful for an instant and then was gone, that of Antonio Stradivari has come down through the centuries and will go down through the centuries yet to come.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A FAMILY OF RACOONS

(Continued from Page 193)

We came out early next morning and she was gone. We looked in the dust on the road and found many racoon tracks coming down to the house. The tracks were all sizes so there must have been both large and small racoons. The board at the bottom of the cage that held the wire on was chewed away. At least ten racoons came to give her help and let her loose. When mother and dad went to bed they heard them chattering. Dad got up at three o'clock next morning and heard them still chattering, but didn't pay any attention to them. He had no idea that those racoons could get out of that strong cage. If he had gone out to the cage he probably would have seen all of these racoons trying to help the old mother racoon and her two babies get away. The racoons ate all of the food in the cage before they left. I think that racoons are pretty smart and wise. Don't you?

This experience is true and happened just a few days ago.

A LITTLE BOY OF MY DREAM

By Elinor Locke

A little boy sat in a birch canoe,
And whistled a merry tune,
And the birds and the flowers all listened
To his merry song of June.

He was whistling of the flowers,
And where they like to grow.
He was whistling what any boy today
Would give the world to know.

He whistled and sang of the forest,
And the birds and the animals there,
And he even told in his merry tune
Where lay the fiercest lion's lair.

As he sang, the call of the doe
Sounded softly over the stream,
And he answered perfectly,
This little boy of my dream.

So as—
A little boy sat in a birch canoe,
And whistled a merry tune.
The birds and the flowers all listened
To the merry song of June.

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MARY LOU

By Irene Gianoli
(Age 8)

I have a doll named Mary Lou,
And she's awful funny, you know.
She has a curly wig as funny as can be;
I like to take her out in the snow.

And she looks so funny
When I take her for a ride,
In her little doll buggy,
With Tommy, the kitty, at her side.

She likes to play with baby dolls,
She likes the snow to play in.
She likes to go riding with Jackanapes,
The little soldier of tin.

When she goes to sleep
She closes her blue eyes;
When she awakes she looks up into
The sky and never cries.

THE BREEZE

By Josephine Wein
(Age 13)

Have you ever watched the breeze
As it dances through the trees,
Or heard its whistling tune
On a summer's afternoon?

Have you seen it while at play,
In the lovely month of May?
Or perhaps, my pretty Miss,
You have felt its cooling kiss.

Ah, my friend, you've surely seen
It somersault upon the green,
Or you've heard its elfin voice,
With little vagrant winds rejoice.

ADVENTURE

Adventure beckons me
To lands of mystery;
Where men forget their fear,
'Tho danger lurks so near.

Adventure beckons me
To sail the mighty sea;
Where'er the waters rise,
'Tis there adventure lies.

Adventure beckons me
With its mischievous glee;
Awakening a cry
That makes me long to fly.

Adventure beckons me
To land! to air! to sea!
It thrills me just to hear
Its cry that knows no fear.

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the Pacific Coast

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EXPERIENCED

Prof—What happened in 1854?

Stude—I don't know, sir.

Prof—Well, where should you go when you want to find a date?

Stude—To the library.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

* * *

GETTING DOWN TO EARTH

Happy—I've lived on vegetables for two weeks.

Harry—That's nothing. I've lived on earth for twenty years.

—*Washington Columns.*

* * *

Young Bragger—My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

Unsympathetic Listener—Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

—*Yale Record.*

* * *

Hee—Came near selling my shoes today.

Haw—How come

Hee—Had them half-soled.

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

* * *

GOING, GOING, GONE!

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate at the races. The gate-keeper demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called:

"A dollar for the car."

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said:

"Sold." —*Bison.*

* * *

Doctor—What's matter, Rastus?

Rastus—Ise done been hit by a horseshoe.

Doctor—That hadn't ought to lay you up in the hospital like this.

Rastus—Nosah, boss, but they was a horse on date dar horseshoe.

—*Utah Humbug.*

"Do you think that Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools.' I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit One.'" —*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

CORRECT

Teacher—Willie, what part of speech is "nose"?

Willie—None; you speak wid your mouth. —*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

* * *

Fresh—Who is the smallest man in history?

Soph—I give up.

Fresh—Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

* * *

Prof.—Why are you always late to class?

Stude—Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here.

Prof.—What has that to do with it?

Stude—Why, it says "School Ahead —Go Slow"!

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

* * *

Kind man (who had just fed tramp): Drop around, my man, and let us see your face once in awhile.

Hobo: T'ank yuh, sir, but I'm afraid yer wife doesn't fancy me.

K. M.: Oh, that's all right; it amuses the children.

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

* * *

Teacher—Who can give me a sentence using the word fundamental?

Ikey—My sister went out horseback riding and when she came home for lunch she had to eat fundamental.

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

"Here! What do you mean by feeding that kid yeast cake?"

"Oh, he just swallowed fifty cents of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough." —*Wisconsin Octopus.*

* * *

Neighbor—Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise nights?

Pat—Praise be to hivin! Shure each wan cries so loud yez can't hear the ither wan. —*Iowa Frivol.*

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1. Robert Louis Stevenson.

2. Francois Villon.

3. Written by J. M. Barrie. Acted by Maude Adams.

4. In Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, New York.

5. Milton.

6. Hugh Wiley.

7. Thomas Hardy.

8. Gilbert and Sullivan.

9. Alice's Adventures Underground.

10. For the best answer of not more than 100 words to this question, the Treasure Chest will give a prize of your favorite book.

11. Edward Fitzgerald. A famous author found some worn-out pamphlets on a London bookstand, he bought them for a few pennies and found that they were the Rubaiyat.

12. Shelly, Keats and Byron.

13. Mrs. Alfred Oliphant. Read it.

14. One of Robin Hood's Merry Men.

15. The Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.

16. Rudyard Kipling. Read them.

17. Robert Browning.

18. The heroine of Thackeray's Vanity Fair.

19. Prisoner of Zenda, When Knighthood Was in Flower, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

20. Don Quixote.

21. Alice-For-Short, and Joseph Vance.

22. For the best answer of not more than 100 words to this question, the Treasure Chest will give a prize of a volume of your favorite poems.

23. A. A. Milne. Read it.

24. Abraham Lincoln. Read it.

25. A wonderful writer, especially of legends and essays on Japan. His mother was Japanese; his father was German. He wrote some of the most beautiful pages in the English language.

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November Overland—Sterling issue is being compiled by

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Cast your eye over a few of the leading contributors for November Overland:

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Edgar Lee Masters	Albert M. Bender	Sara Bard Field	S. Bert Cooksley
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James D. Phelan	Clark Ashton Smith	Louise Coleman	Henry Bland and others.

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